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author's note

[disclaimers]

This book includes themes such as violence and gore, and a little bit of physical abuse, all set to Warrior Cats. Nonetheless, if you aren't comfortable with these topics, I'd suggest you click away.

The function of the Clan, Clan ranks, ceremonies, traditions, and general idea of Warrior Cats belongs to Erin Hunter. All photos used in this fanfiction do not belong to me. However, I do own the characters, plot, and Clans of this book.

~~~

Hi! Welcome to the first book of the Shooting Stars series: Back to Home. I'm so incredibly excited that you've clicked on this story, and I can't wait to share it with you! But, I would like to review a couple of things before we begin.

First, to help clear up some confusion, I added something that isn't cannon into my fanfiction. It's magic, but it isn't really powers, compared to Jayfeather, Lionblaze, and Dovewing. Just wanted to throw that in real quick, since it isn't cannon.

Also, this book is quite cliché. I've thought about and debated on changing the plot completely to make it less so, but I've decided that I'm okay with the cliché plot (though I did add quite a bit of things in the newest re-write!). So I guess what I'm trying to say is that this book, especially the beginning, is *meant* to be cliché. If you like new and original stuff, I don't think that this book will be something you'd enjoy!

Finally, this book has been fully edited and changed greatly two times. I've changed some of the characters' appearances and names, although that's rather minor. The main thing I wanted to say was that the comments, especially the older ones, will be very, very different as to what's actually happening in the chapter. Please keep
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that in mind whilst you're reading!

With all that said, let's move onto the book! Thank you for clicking on this story, and I do hope that you enjoy it!! 💔

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Started: 12/16/2020

Completed: 8/11/2022
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characters

Frostpaw

Description || soft-furred, white she-cat with light gray tabby markings & blue eyes.

Rank & Clan || Warrior Apprentice; MoonClan

[image]

~~~

Fernpaw

Description || short-furred, dark gray she-cat with green eyes.

Rank || Warrior Apprentice; MoonClan

[image]

~~~

Skypaw

Description || short-furred, gray tabby she-cat with dark blue eyes.

Rank || Warrior Apprentice; MoonClan

[image]

~~~

Blackpaw

Description || large black tom with icy blue eyes.

Rank || Warrior Apprentice; MoonClan
~~~

[image]

~~~

Stormpaw

Description || gray-and-white tabby tom with swirling fur and blue-green eyes.

Rank || Medicine Apprentice; MoonClan

[image]

~~~

Willowtail

Description || tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes.

Rank || Warrior; MoonClan

[image]

~~~

If you've read the original version, you can probably see that I've changed most of the cats' pictures plus Willowtail's entire appearance. I personally like this better, but let me know what you think! 💕
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allegiance

MoonClan

LEADER
Swiftstar - cream-colored she-cat with clear blue eyes.

DEPUTY
Rockfur - dark gray tom with white paws, chest, face and green eyes.

MEDICINE CAT
Redberry - ginger she-cat with green eyes and a white chest.
apprentice; Stormpaw

WARRIORS
Feathermist - gray-and-white she-cat with blue eyes.

Whitefang - white tom with green eyes.
apprentice; Fernpaw

Cottonfur - white she-cat with brown-and-black tail; amber eyes.

Deerfoot - brown she-cat with white spots with amber eyes.

Willowtail - tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes.
apprentice; Frostpaw

Cherryheart - ginger she-cat with white hind paws and brown eyes.
apprentice; Skypaw

Sandpelt - dark ginger tom with brown stripes and amber eyes.

Eagleheart - brown tom with white paws and blue eyes.
apprentice; Heatherpaw

Brightfur - calico she-cat with blue eyes
apprentice; Fawnpaw

Robinclaw - ginger-brown tom with white paws and amber eyes.

Hollypelt - black she-cat with green eyes.
apprentice; Blackpaw

Rainsong - dark gray she-cat with blue eyes and white splotches.

Sagepelt - light gray tom with green eyes and black paws.

Leafsong - light brown she-cat with blue eyes.

Mistytail - silver she-cat with blue eyes and black markings.
apprentice; Jaypaw

Foxfur - ginger tom with dark brown stripes and amber eyes.

APPRENTICES
Jaypaw - dark gray-blue tom with black stripes and bright blue eyes.

Frostpaw - white she-cat with light gray tabby stripes and blue eyes.

Fernpaw - dark gray she-cat with green eyes.

Blackpaw - black tom with blue eyes.

Skypaw - light gray she-cat with white stripes and deep blue eyes.

Fawnpaw - bengal she-cat with amber eyes.

Stormpaw - gray-and-white tom with stormy blue eyes.

Heatherpaw - brown she-cat with purple-blue eyes.

QUEENS & KITS
Snowmist - white she-cat with amber eyes.
kits; Echokit - cream-colored she-kit with gray tabby stripes and green eyes & Dewkit - brown tom-kit with amber eyes.

Birdflight - brown she-cat with green eyes.
kits; Violetkit - light gray she-kit with white paws and violet eyes & Hawkkit - brown tabby tom with green eyes.

ELDERS
Ivyfrost - gray she-cat with blue eyes and a white paw.

Mousefoot - brown tom with a white chest and green eyes.

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GrassClan

LEADER
Leafstar - brown tabby she-cat with green eyes.

DEPUTY
Seedpelt - brown-and-white tom with amber eyes.

MEDICINE CAT
Cloudleaf - gray-and-white she-cat with green eyes.

WARRIORS
Heathercloud - brown tabby she-cat with white paws and amber eyes.

Birchleap - light gray tom with blue eyes.

Treeflight - tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes.

Pebblefur - light gray tom with amber eyes.

Mapleheart - tortoiseshell she-cat with amber eyes.
apprentice; Opalpaw

Cherrycloud - ginger she-cat with white paws and blue eyes.
apprentice; Berrypaw

Russetpelt - ginger she-cat with green eyes.
apprentice; Blossompaw

Cloudfur - white tom with black paws and amber eyes.

Ivystream - silver she-cat with green eyes.

Nightsong - black tom with blue eyes.
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Brightmist - tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat with amber eyes.

APPRENTICES
Blossompaw - ginger-and-white she-cat with green eyes.

Opalpaw - ginger tom with amber eyes.

Berrypaw - white tom with blue eyes.

QUEENS & KITS

Birdstream - light ginger queen with blue eyes.
kits; Skykit - dark gray tom with green eyes & Foxkit - ginger tom with blue eyes.

ELDERS
Ivyfur - brown she-cat with a white face and green eyes.

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WaterClan

LEADER
Troutstar - gray tom with a white chest and green eyes.

DEPUTY
Otterfur - dark brown she-cat with white paws and amber eyes.

MEDICINE CAT
Leafheart - brown-and-white she-cat with green eyes.

WARRIORS
Reedtail - ginger tom with white markings and amber eyes.

Waveheart - gray she-cat with blue eyes.

Shellheart - brown she-cat with white stripes and brown eyes.
apprentice; Duskpaw

Puddlefur - dark gray tom with blue eyes.

Minnowfrost - silver she-cat with green eyes.
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Nightclaw - black tom with blue eyes.

Sunfur - ginger tom with brown eyes.
apprentice; Dawnpaw

Beechfur - brown tom with amber eyes.

Pebbleheart - tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes.
apprentice; Icepaw

Graypelt - gray tom with blue eyes.
apprentice; Ivypaw

APPRENTICES
Duskpaw - brown tom with green eyes.

Dawnpaw - cream she-cat with blue eyes.

Ivypaw - black she-cat with green eyes.

Icepaw - gray tom with green eyes.

QUEENS & KITS
Ripplefur - light brown she-cat with white markings and brown eyes.
kits; Redkit - ginger tom with white markings.

ELDERS
Volewhisker - brown tom with a white paw and dark eyes.

Fernstream - dark gray she-cat with amber eyes.

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LightClan

LEADER
Goldenstar - ginger-and-white tom with amber eyes.

DEPUTY
Clearleap - white-and-gray she-cat with crystal blue eyes.

MEDICINE CAT
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Jayflight - white tom with blue eyes.
apprentice; Nightpaw

WARRIORS
Dawnclaw - brown-and-white she-cat with green eyes.

Junipershine - dark gray tom with white spots and blue eyes.

Ashleap - pale gray she-cat with amber eyes.
apprentice; Brightpaw

Briarheart - brown tabby she-cat with yellow eyes.

Thornpelt - black tom with green eyes.

Leopardpelt - bengal she-cat with brown eyes.

APPRENTICES
Nightpaw - black tom with blue eyes.

Brightpaw - tortoiseshell she-cat with amber eyes.

QUEENS & KITS
Whiteshine - white she-cat with pale green eyes.
kits; Mintkit - brown-and-white she-kit with green eyes & Flamekit - ginger tabby tom with blue eyes.

Ravenwing - black she-cat with amber eyes.
kits; expecting kits.

ELDERS
Fernheart - tortoiseshell she-cat with amber eyes.

Icewhisker - gray tom with blue eyes.

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It took me so much time & effort to change up the structure of the allegiance and edit & change some of the characters LOL. But I do think it's worth it, haha, as I like this new version much better!! ❤
~~~

prologue

"REDBERRY!"

The shriek of alarm startled the russet medicine cat awake. Climbing to her paws sleepily, she padded out of the medicine den to greet the owner of the voice, whom she recognized as Whitefang.

Whitefang was a well respected warrior in the Clan, calm and skilled in battle. The same couldn't be said with him and his kits. Redberry couldn't even begin to count the amount of times she'd been awoken in the middle of the night by the white tom, only to find that one of his kits had sneezed because moss had tickled their nose.

The white-furred warrior was waiting for her outside of the medicine den, his eyes wide with anxiety. "Redberry! There you are! Thank StarClan." He rushed to her side. "It's Frostkit - Feathermist said that she was coughing all night!"

Redberry's ears stood with alarm. "Coughing all night?" That didn't sound good. "I'll be right there. Go head to the nursery for now." Turning around, the ginger she-cat rushed into her den.

As she hurried towards the herb storage, she brushed past the Blood Leaves. Each cat of MoonClan had a Blood Leaf. When they were born, the medicine cat pinched their skin ever so slightly to release just the smallest drop of blood, and collected it on a leaf. It was a medicine cat's duty to sort them and bury the coordinating leaf when a cat died.

Supposedly, if fresh blood of the same cat was to match the one on the leaf, the dried blood would glow. It was used when the Clans first started, to keep track of every cat. However, it hadn't since then been used in moons, and no cat knew if it still worked. Yet, medicine cats still did the ritual, as a respect of tradition.

Well, Redberry was the only one still doing it. Her fellow medicine

cats had dropped it, claiming that it was no use, and the ginger she-cat was debating on doing the same. That didn't matter now, though.

Grabbing whatever herbs she thought may be useful, Redberry charged outside, freezing leafbare wind lashing at her fur. Slipping underneath tree roots of a great oak in which held the nursery of MoonClan beneath it, Redberry's eyes slowly adjusted to the dark. Whitefang was crouched beside his mate's nest, Feathermist. At her belly lay a singular white kit: Frostkit.

"Redberry. Thank StarClan." Feathermist sounded exhausted, taunt with worry, as she acknowledged the ginger cat. "I don't know what's wrong with Frostkit. She wouldn't eat tonight and kept coughing. I've put Skykit and Stormkit in Deerfoot's nest, just in case."

Redberry nodded in approval, before glancing towards the other two queens who also occupied the nursery: Deerfoot and Cottonfur. Both were wide awake, as were their kits. Skykit and Stormkit, the other two belonging to Feathermist, had their heads peeking from the brown queen's nest, sitting beside Deerfoot's daughter, Fawnkit, dead silent. Cottonfur's kits, Fernkit and Blackkit, a bit younger than Fawnkit but older than Feathermist's kits, were sending curious glances in Redberry's direction, whispering amongst each other every now and then.

"Will Frostkit be alright, Redberry?" Feathermist asked as the ginger she-cat neared.

Redberry examined the white she-kit for a moment. "Whitecough," she muttered.

Feathermist's ears pinned. "*Whitecough?*" Her eyes widened, and Whitefang began pacing around, muttering to himself in anxiety.

"Let's all calm down," Redberry meowed, trying to sooth the parents. However, there wasn't much she could say. They didn't have any catmint, as it was the middle of the cold weather. Along with that, Frostkit was the runt of the litter, much weaker than any of her other siblings. She might not have enough strength to fight

off the illness. "The odds look bad, true, but she might still heal. Let's move her into my den. I'll be able to keep a watch over her all the time and give her all the attention she may need. It'll be alright."

A week had passed since Redberry spoke those words in a hopeless attempt to comfort Feathermist and Whitefang. Frostkit had not gotten any better. If anything, she'd only become worse. Whitecough had quickly developed into greencough, and Redberry tried every solution she could think of. She fed Frostkit feverfew. She visited the other Clans, asking if they had catmint. She scavenged MoonClan's territory for the herb. Nothing had worked.

Feathermist and Whitefang had thrown themselves sick with worry. Redberry decided not to let the parents visit their kit too much, in case of infection. But now... Well, it didn't look like the odds were in Frostkit's favor. Although she still continuously tried to heal the kit to the best of her ability, Redberry knew there were little chances for the kit to heal.

Please, StarClan. The russet she-cat found herself sitting outside of the medicine den one night, gazing up at the night sky, ignoring the cold. *Please help Frostkit through this. She's too young to join your ranks. She deserves a full life ahead of her. And Feathermist and Whitefang don't deserve the worry and pain that they're feeling.*

Suddenly, a shooting star crossed the dark sky. Instantly, for whatever reason, the medicine cat felt a sparkle of hope.

Sighing, Redberry stood up, ready to head back into her den. "Goodnight, Willowtail," she called to the tortoiseshell warrior guarding the entrance, whose eyes were clouded with worry. Spotting this, the ginger cat added, "Something wrong?"

"GrassClan reported that there have been scents of Twolegs in the area," Willowtail responded, her tail-tip twitching with anxiety.

"I haven't heard of this." Redberry's ears twitched. "Is Rockfur informed?"

The deputy was taking over as the MoonClan leader while their

actual leader, Swiftstar, was unable to perform her duties. Redberry had never seen Rockfur more content and satisfied then he was as leader of MoonClan.

"Yes, he knows. And don't worry, I'll call if I see anything. Goodnight, Redberry."

Just as the ginger she-cat made a move towards her den, she was yet again held back. This time by a call from Feathermist.

Feathermist and Whitefang stood side by side, both looking very worried. "Could we see Frostkit? Please? We've been so worried, and we just want to take a look."

Frostkit might not make it. I think that her parents have the right to see her, just in case.

"I think if it's only a quick visit," Redberry meowed, "it should be okay." She paused, thinking for a moment. "Bring Skykit and Stormkit too. Be careful."

It didn't take long before the family was crowded inside the boulder that created the den, watching as Frostkit coughed up blood.

"Have you tried healing her?" Stormkit demanded, his tail lashing.

Redberry flicked her tail. "Of course I have. I'm afraid I just don't have the correct herb to bring her out of that state."

"And what would that herb be?"

"Catmint. I haven't got any since they thrive in the warm weather. I've been feeding her feverfew, though, which is the best remedy besides catmint."

Stormkit's eyes widened slightly with interest, before returning to worry and staring at his sister.

"I'm sorry, but I think that it'd be best if you all left now," Redberry mewed. "I don't want to risk anything."

Whitefang's head was drooped. "Will she get better?"

The russet cat hesitated. That bit of hesitation was enough to answer the white warrior's question.

Before long, the family had left, looking more worried than ever. Redberry glanced after them, her pelt twitching. *Please, StarClan. Help Frostkit.*

Sighing, the ginger she-cat refilled Frostkit's water and fed her some more feverfew. Then, she curled up inside of her nest, shutting her eyes, sending another prayer to StarClan. Just as Redberry was about to fall into a deep slumber, a shriek, belonging to Willowtail, pierced the air.

"TWOLEGS!"

~~~

Word Count: 1264

[Edited]

Hi!! If you've taken a look at the version before this, I think that you'll notice it's quite different! The entire plot & scene leading up to that last moment has been completely changed, haha. I hope you like it, though. Be sure to let me know what you think! I like it better than the previous one, but that's just my opinion.

Have a lovely day/night :)
~~~

chapter 1

The sun was beginning to rise, chasing away the dark night and moon. As the thin rays peeked over the tree and rooftops, announcing dawn, the sound of birdsong flitted through the air. The pale sunlight beamed through the Twolegplace and the forest beside it, lighting up the woodland floor and awaking the critters from their slumbers.

Inside the Twolegplace, in a house near the edge of the forest, lay a white she-cat. She was curled up besides a window, the sun's light covering her as it climbed higher and higher, covering her in its blanket of warmth.

The she-cat's face furrowed in discomfort as she drew a paw over her face in a useless attempt to block the bright light. The ray shining from the clear panes of the window was anything but comforting, shining all too brightly compared to the natural light without the glass.

Giving up on sleep, the she-cat yawned, blinking open her eyes and rolling to face the other side, away from the window. Twitching her ears, she listened for any sign of her Housefolk. They always left early, before dawn sometimes, and returned late. The white cat was often by herself.

Climbing to her paws, the white she-cat jumped off of the window seat she'd been asleep on and padded across the room to a where a bowl of water and pellets lay. As she leaned down to lap at the water, her pink collar shone beneath the sun, a name tag leaning down ever so slightly from her fur to read '*ANGEL*'.

Angel wrinkled her nose at the taste of the water, licking her jaws to try and rid the tainted taste. She preferred natural water, such as rainwater, but this was fine for now. Gulping down the pellets and stretching, she padded out of the room and raced down the steps, wiggling through the cat door and bursting outside into the open air, sighing with delight.

She loved being outside. She loved napping outside. She loved running outside. She loved chasing squirrels or butterflies outside. She loved anything outside compared to being stuck indoors. Well, perhaps not the cold weather.

"Angel!" A cheerful voice caught the white she-cat's attention, making it drift towards the top of the fence which bordered the yard of Angel's den. A tortoiseshell she-cat was perched atop the fence, balancing perfectly in so she wouldn't fall, her eyes glimmering with greeting.

"Alani!" Angel swished her tail cheerfully as she jumped up lightly to great her one and only friend. "Hi! What's up?"

"Coco and some others invited me to hang out today," Alani meowed. "I thought you could come along. Perhaps you'd all become friends!" Her amber eyes beamed hopefully.

Angel blinked blankly at her. The white she-cat didn't get along very well with the other kittypets. In fact, she didn't get along with them *at all.* The other kittypets found her weird and often called her names. And Coco was the leader of them all, the "coolest" cat that everyone wanted to be friends with. She didn't like Angel. At all. And the white cat tried avoiding her at every cost.

Alani, on the other paw, was practically Coco's best friend. In that case, why was she friends with Angel, one might wonder. The white she-cat herself had often pondered that, too. Perhaps it was just because Alani was the sweetest cat in the Twolegplace, who at least attempted to make friends with every cat rather than judge them on first glance.

When Angel first arrived at the Twolegplace, she was dirty, scared, and exhausted. Why? Well, the white she-cat couldn't seem to remember. Her earliest memory was being picked up by a Twoleg and shoved into a metal cage, shrieking and shrilling to no avail. She vaguely remembered the faces of Coco and Alani, kittens, peeking at her from their windows as her Housefolk carried her past their houses, with Coco's face full of disgust.

Her situation with Coco hadn't gotten any better when she first

tried speaking to the brown tabby. She'd stuttered, muttering random things about coughing up blood, about a sky and a storm, and about a white feather? Angel genuinely couldn't remember anymore. All she recalled was bolting off towards the woods, with Coco's mocking laugh echoing behind her.

Why had she gone into the woods? Angel mentally smacked herself in the head every time she thought of that. It was stupid. Yet her paws had carried her towards the trees as if they'd protect her. And for some reason, they did make her feel safer.

But that wasn't the point. Coco's taunts had only gotten worse since they were newborns, and Angel wasn't in the mood to communicate with the brown tabby any time soon.

"Oh- er-" Angel shuffled her paws. "I can't. I'm busy today."

"Oh?" Alani's eyes widened with curiosity. "What are you doing?"

Alani, as stated before, was the sweetest cat in the Twolegplace. Whereas Coco instantly deemed Angel not worthy of her company, the tortoiseshell had attempted to make friends with the white she-cat. And it'd worked. Sort of. Well, the two weren't particularly close, but they'd talk every now and then. And as sweet as Alani was, she wasn't one to stand up against mean cats. She was more of one who'd watch one be mocked then comfort them later rather than stop the mocking.

But could Angel blame her? No. She'd probably do the same thing as Alani, if she were in her position. It was the only way to live a good life in the Twolegplace: impress the "coolest" cat and get on their good side.

"I'm probably just going to visit the forest." Angel answered sheepishly, staring at her paws.

"Oh." Alani fell silent for a moment. "Angel, I don't mean this in an offensive way, but perhaps you ought to stop doing that. All the other cats already view you poorly enough."

"I know." Angel ducked her head. "I just... I've got nothing else to

do."

"Well come with me to Coco's house, then!" Alani encouraged cheerfully. "You might be able to get on her good side!"

Angel shook her head. "I don't think I'll be able to accomplish that. She already doesn't like me very much. She won't want me to come."

"Well you don't know until you try!"

"I've been trying for five moons. I'll see you later, Alani." With that, the white she-cat jumped off of the fence, stalking towards the woods.

She could feel her friend's burning gaze of sadness and disappointment the entire way.

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Word Count: 1080

[Edited]

Hi!! What do you all think of Chapter 1? I've tweaked up Alani's personality a tad & added in some flaws, which I do hope is visible. If you'd like, please vote & comment to tell me what you thought of this chapter!! I really do enjoy reading the comments. Any type of feedback is welcomed as long as it's delivered politely!

Have a wonderful day/night :)
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chapter 2

I wish I had a different life.

The thought drifted through Angel's mind as she padded down the streets of the Twolegplace. The sun was beginning to set, the sky turning into a brilliant shade of gold and orange. The white she-cat's day had whisked away, spent yet again inside the forest.

There was just something about it that drew Angel towards the woods. How the thick leaves of the trees created a beautiful canopy above. How the sunlight peeked through the crevices, dancing with shadows on the ground. How birdsong fluttered through the forest, and the sound of footsteps of creatures echoed through the undergrowth. A day would whisk past before Angel had even acknowledged it.

Now, the white she-cat knew her Housefolk would be home soon. She'd have to hurry back before her Housefolk arrived. But today, instead of heading straight home, she decided to take a detour to Jack's house.

Jack was an old, dark ginger tom-cat who lived across the Twolegplace from Angel's house. He used to be a wild cat when he was younger, and always had stories to tell about the wild life, more than enthusiastic to narrate one for any cat who asked. Too old to participate in the drama of younger cats, he treated Angel perfectly well and kind. His yard was where one would probably find Angel if she weren't in the forest, as she absolutely *adored* his stories.

"Angel!" Jack was outside in his yard when the white she-cat leaped atop his fence. "What a lovely surprise."

"I was wondering if you'd be able to tell me a story," the white she-cat meowed as she jumped lightly to the ground.

Jack swished his tail. "I'd be delighted. You really ought to visit me

more often, you know. I do think you're the only cat in this Twolegplace who's actually *interested* in the stories."

"Oh? Well, I'll be certain to drop by more." Angel hoped that was what she said, although she knew reality was only an echo of a murmur of that. She'd love to visit Jack more, and listen to his stories, but there was one reason that kept her from doing that: Jack was Coco's father.

In order to avoid Coco, Angel also often avoided Jack's house. The two were close, and Coco came by her father's house almost every day.

"Can you tell the story about the Clash of the Clans?" Angel asked as she plopped herself to the ground.

Jack chuckled. "Sure. So, the war began with GrassClan and WaterClan. The two were quarrelling about the lake. WaterClan demanded that the lake belonged to only them, since their catches were running low, because Twolegs were visiting. GrassClan disagreed."

"Didn't the other Clans stand up to them as well?" Angel asked, her tail rising into the air.

"They weren't as bothered by it as GrassClan. They had rivers and streams in their territories, plus their hunting would continue smoothly without the lake. MoonClan hunted in the trees whereas LightClan, the moor." A small glint of pride shone through Jack's tone as he spoke of his previous Clan, LightClan. It was as if a million memories were returning. "GrassClan, however, hunted in the undergrowth, which sometimes meant the beach beside the lake. They couldn't, and weren't willing, to give that up.

"And so, the battles began. It started between GrassClan and WaterClan, just little jabs here and there, but soon enough MoonClan and LightClan got involved. Since the two Clans didn't border one another, it was impossible for say, a GrassClan patrol, to reach WaterClan's land without crossing either MoonClan or LightClan's land. The teams were MoonClan and GrassClan against WaterClan and LightClan.

"Everything seemed to be going well for GrassClan's side. They were defeating WaterClan swiftly. But, it seems, with only the help of a spy. GrassClan had sent patrols to WaterClan's land to spy on them. When WaterClan finally caught on, it was too late: they'd been defeated. Although the news of GrassClan's cheating didn't sit well with many, there was nothing to be done. A treaty was worked out, with GrassClan and MoonClan earning bits of LightClan and WaterClan's land."

Angel dipped her head once the story had finished. "Thank you, Jack, that was a lovely tale-"

"Father!"

A loud voice interrupted Angel's sentence. A voice she'd hoped she'd be able to avoid hearing today. Turning around, the white she-cat's gaze landed on Coco. The brown tabby's face twisted into a sneer as she spotted Angel, quickly smoothening it into a smile as she leaped down to greet Jack, brushing past the white she-cat as if she didn't exist.

"Coco!" Jack purred, touching noses with his daughter. "How are you doing?"

"Lovely! Alani and I had a wonderful day hanging out with each other."

Angel ducked her head. She didn't mean to interrupt, but she felt that it'd be best if she left. Quickly. "I'll be going now, Jack. Thanks for the story!"

"Now hold on a second," Coco called as the white she-cat spun around. "My house is right next to yours. We'll walk together. See you tomorrow, Father!"

Angel blinked, stunned. What? Why would Coco want to walk with *her*? But she couldn't question it - or deny it - in front of Jack. So instead, the white she-cat nodded her head and the two set off.

Coco didn't waste a second as soon as they were out of Jack's earshot. "What were you doing in my father's yard?" Her green eyes

sharpened, lashing her tail.

"I was just asking him to tell me a story about the Clans," Angel replied, still puzzled about what was happening.

Coco's gaze narrowed. "And just *why* would you do that?"

"Because I wanted to hear a story about the Clans?"

"No! That's not what I meant!" Coco's pelt began to bristle. "Listen here, idiot. My father used to be a wild cat, yes? Do you understand how impossibly hard it was for the others here to view me as a kittypet rather than a cat with the bloodline of a wild cat? The hard work and effort I'd put in to get in the position I am now is crazy. And you - well, you certainly *act* like a wild cat, weird and all. And more than that, no cat likes you! If cats see you in my father's yard, then it'll all trace back to *me* and everything I've worked for will be *gone*." Her green eyes blazed. "Stay away from anything that relates to me, got it? I don't want to have this little fiasco again... Or else."

Coco raised a paw, showing her sharpened claws. Angel winced, nodding, before the brown tabby scoffed and stalked away. The white she-cat could remember clearly from when she was younger, of all the times Coco would scratch her and all. Too shallow for any consequences, easily played off as a mistake during a play-fight.

Sighing, the white she-cat set off towards the direction of her house. Again, she found herself wishing for another life.

But that, she knew, was impossible.

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Word Count: 1155

[Edited]

Hi all! Compared to the original version, I've changed up Coco & Jack's appearances to make them more realistic. Tell me what you think of the characters!! I'd love to hear your thoughts. And please vote (if you'd like)! I'd really appreciate it!
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Have a fabulous day/night :)

chapter 3

"*Angel.*"

The white she-cat was standing in what seemed to be the sky. She could see nothing but rolling clouds of white fog, whisking around her swiftly. An eerie voice echoed from the mist, sending shivers down Angel's spine.

What's happening?

The only thing the white she-cat remembered last was curling up at a window seat of her house. Her Housefolk hadn't yet returned, and she was too sleepy to stay awake and wait. Then, she was here, with the fog. Bewildered, confused, and scared, Angel glanced around wildly. Suddenly, the mist parted, and a ginger tom padded through and towards her.

Yelping, Angel jumped backwards, fur spiked. "Who- who are you?"

The ginger tom lifted his muzzle, studying her. His green gaze flickered to her collar. "I must've made a mistake." He seemed to be speaking to himself. "This... This is a *kittypet*." He paused for a moment, as if listening to what his Inner Self was replying. "Well yes, she didn't have a Clan name, but I thought she would've been a rogue! She has a collar on, for StarClan's sake!"

"Er... Excuse me?" Angel's face furrowed into a look of confusion. "What's going on?"

The ginger tom sighed, ignoring her. "Yes, yes, very well." He flicked his tail, clearing away his Inner Self, focusing on the white she-cat before him. "My name is Sunstar. I come from StarClan to deliver an urgent message."

If he expected an aura of awe or something of that nature from Angel at those words, he was certainly disappointed. The white she-cat just stared at him blankly. The only thing she processed from his

sentences was that Sunstar had a weird name.

Another sigh. "Moving on. I've seen the future. It's filled with darkness, bloodshed, and murder." Sunstar shuddered. "We may have a second Clash of the Clans."

Angel's ears shot up at the mention. "Clash of the Clans? I know about that! Jack told me all about it!"

"'Jack'?" Sunstar's eyes narrowed. "You mean- Never mind, that isn't important. Good that you know the background. Now, as I've said, I've seen the future. The second Clash of the Clans is coming. MoonClan needs as many cats as possible to help defend itself."

"So what do you want me to do?"

"I need you to go to MoonClan."

Sunstar's words were greeted by stunned silence.

"MoonClan? *The* MoonClan?" Angel's ears flattened. "But they're *wild cats*!"

Sunstar flicked his tail. "I understand your way of life is much different from theirs. But please, think about it. MoonClan will need all the help they can get if they are to survive."

"'If'," Angel quoted, frowning. "You're a StarClan cat. Jack said StarClan was all-knowing. Can't you see the outcome of the battle?"

"I'd like to," Sunstar meowed, "but no cat can. All that's seen is a dark future, full of bloodshed and betrayal." He shuddered, as if recalling the memory of the vision. "StarClan's gone in a riot from it: borders between Clans have been drawn, even though we're meant to live in peace together. Every cat's trying to recruit as many cats as possible to help fight for their Clan. I wouldn't forgive myself if I didn't do the same for MoonClan."

"Well shouldn't you find a cat who can fight? Or at least hunt?"

Sunstar sighed once more. "As I've said, your way of life is much different from theirs. I'm honestly not sure *why* StarClan has sent

me to you. I'd simply touched my nose to the Dream Pool, asking to visit whichever cat that can help MoonClan best, and it brought me to your dream. But one thing I can see is that your roots lie there." Sunstar paused. "I trust that, if you do go, you'll be able to contribute to the Clan. But if you are to journey to MoonClan, I'm afraid that you'll have to leave this old life behind and accept a new one."

Angel's head spun. It was all so confusing. What did Sunstar mean about her roots? About her contributing to the Clan? She didn't know; it seemed to have all flown over her head. What she focused and gripped on was his last sentence. "I'd get a new life?"

The ginger tom nodded. "Yes, I understand that you probably enjoy your life as a kittyp-"

"I'll go!" The white she-cat interrupted Sunstar's words, tail lashing with excitement. "Which direction should I head off?"

Sunstar studied the white-furred cat before him, a little stunned at how quickly she'd agreed. But he didn't question it - the more cats fighting for MoonClan, the better. "To my understanding, if you head in the direction the sun sets, there will be a black dot in the distance. That's the lake of the Clans. Once you reach the lake, be careful. The Clans are rather hostile with outsiders."

"Okay, got it."

Sunstar dipped his head. "Good luck." Slowly, he began to vanish into the fog, until the white mist swirled around and swallowed him up.

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Angel jolted awake, pelt bristled with apprehension, before gazing around, calming herself. She was still in her room, on top of her soft pillows, buried beneath a fluffy blanket, the moon beaming at the white she-cat calmly from outside the window.

It had been a dream.

Well, *of course* it had been a dream. But was there truly a cat calling
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for her, inviting her to MoonClan? She knew for certain there was indeed a StarClan - she'd heard of it several times from Jack - but was it possible that she'd just created the entire dream inside her mind, based off of the stories? It would make sense - just earlier she'd heard of the Clash of the Clans, and now she was dreaming about being informed that there was a dark future ahead.

Everything seemed to be against the odds that the dream was indeed true. Yet, there was one thing she needed to check.

Climbing to her paws, Angel scrambled down the steps of her house and out of the cat-door, leaping atop a fence and staring into the distance. It was dark as she narrowed her eyes and scanned around, yet she saw it anyway: a small dot far away. The lake of the Clans.

A small flicker of satisfaction flamed within the white she-cat - now this she couldn't have dreamed up. Jack never told her anything about this! But, she'd have to talk to him the next day and confirm that that was indeed the direction she wanted to go.

As Angel padded back to her bed, her mind was made up: she'd go to the Clans. What's the worst thing that would happen? If she didn't like it, she could always return. All she knew right now was that she needed a new way of life.

Sure, I'll be giving up this soft blanket and pillow, ensured meals, and a roof over my head, but I'd be free. Angel's blue gaze glimmered in the dark as she stared out at the moon. *I'd get to hunt for my food, sleep on moss, and look at the moon with my bare eyes instead of through a window, each time I glance up.*

Her pelt ruffled softly with satisfaction as she curled up within her bed, sighing, and shutting her eyes. Tomorrow, she'd set off.

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Word Count: 1192

[Edited]

Hi! I've purposely made Angel's decision seem rather irrational, in the sense of her just going somewhere just because of a dream, to
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try and enhance her more ignorant side that she adapted from being a kittypet! There'll definitely be some development on that in the future! As always, feel free to comment & tell me your thoughts!

Wishing you all a wonderful day/night :)

chapter 4

Dawn seemed to come all too slowly for Angel, who'd been brimming with excitement from the night before. As soon as the early sunlight hit the grounds of the Twolegplace, the white she-cat shot to her paws and bounded to her food bowl, where it had been automatically refilled. There, she gulped down her pellets, more than she normally would, to prepare herself for the road of travel, along with lapping a few mouthfuls of water, of course.

Then, she was off to Jack's house, with the hope that the tom would be awake and his daughter would not. She wanted to ask about the trip, about if he had any tips to share with her. Angel slipped out of the cat-door and leaped on and from her fence, beginning her journey to Jack's den.

Everything seemed to be going well so far - no sign of Coco or any of her friends. Angel was just about to turn the corner - Jack's house in sight - when she heard Alani's voice calling for her.

"Angel!"

Turning around, the white she-cat caught sight of her tortoiseshell friend, padding out of her yard, amber eyes sparkling in the early light.

"Hi, Alani," Angel purred, moving forward to touch noses.

"Where are you headed?" The tortoiseshell's eyes were full of curiosity. "Jack's house, to hear a story? Can I tag along?"

Angel shuffled her paws. "Sure you can, but I'm not actually going for him to tell a story."

"Oh?" Alani flicked her tail. "Just a visit, then? Come on - all of the Jack visits end in stories." The last bit of her voice was teasing as she nudged the white cat gently.

"I mean... I guess it's somewhat of a story." Angel paused. "I'm going to ask Jack about his journey from the Clans to here."

Alani looked confused. "What for?"

"So I know what to expect when I make that journey."

"*When* you make that journey?" Alani's pelt rippled. "What do you mean?"

The white she-cat took a deep breath. "I... I'm going to travel to the Clans. I want to join MoonClan."

Alani looked at her as if she wasn't sure how to react. Silence fell over them for a couple moments. "Haha, funny joke," she mewed at last. "Now come on, let's go visit Jack. Then maybe we could meet up with Coco later to sunbathe or something."

"Alani, I'm not joking," Angel replied firmly. "Listen - I got a dream last night from this cat named Sunstar! He's part of StarClan! He said that there might be a second Clash of the Clans, and he wanted me to join. *Me*! He said that I was the cat that could best assure MoonClan's survival!"

She expected a "Wow" or something, but instead got a look of disbelief from Alani.

"Angel, you can't be serious. You're going to leave the Twolegplace based off a *dream*?"

"A dream from *StarClan*!"

"Angel, how do you even know if that's the real StarClan, considering if there even is one?" Alani demanded, her pelt beginning to bristle. "This is ridiculous! You could and will get *killed* out there!"

Angel huffed. "No I won't. I'm sure it won't be that bad."

""Not that bad"?" Alani quoted, looking enraged. "Have you been listening to any of Jack's stories?"

"Yes I have! In fact, I do believe that I'm the only cat in this Twolegplace who actually enjoys them!"

"Well then you surely remember all the hardships?" Alani demanded. "How sometimes cats starve to death or freeze from the cold? Died in battle? From illnesses?"

Angel lashed her tail. "Yeah, there are hardships, but do you remember Jack recalling the good times, how he ran around so carefree with his friends, and when he fought in battle, the passion he felt fighting for his Clan? They'll give you *freedom*!"

Alani's pelt started to rise. "*That's* what you got from his stories? You do realize he's telling them to us to *warn* us of the horrors of the wild, to show us how great our lives are now? You can't possibly think that cats live a good life in the wild!"

"Well I do!" Angel retorted. "It seems like they're in charge of their own lives - what they eat, where they sleep, and when they're allowed out. I'd want to live that life over this one, where I eat the gross pellets and drink the tainted water, and is only allowed out every now and then, forced to remain inside!"

Alani's eyes softened. "Angel, I get that, but I don't think that the wilderness is the right call. Sure, there are some benefits, but there are also a whole lot of downsides. Are you sure you're even going to like what they eat? And it sounds like the Clan way of life is a lot more strict than the kittypet one, if anything. I just don't think that you'd be able to handle it."

"Well I can try, can't I?" Angel flicked her tail. "If it doesn't work out, I can always come back."

Alani still didn't look convinced. "Angel... Cats here already think you're odd. If you run away into the wild, then try and return..."

Angel waved off her concern. "It doesn't matter. I know they don't like me, and I don't like them. Might as well try something new out, right? What have I got to lose?"

"Maybe your life?" Alani challenged, bringing back her initial

argument, flicking her tail. "Jack's always telling stories of how the cats are fighting and the Clanmates he's lost!"

Angel pondered this for a moment, recalling the stories and what Sunstar has told her, about how he wants her to help MoonClan fight. "They'll train me."

"Are you sure they won't kill you before you're able to join them?" Alani asked. "They sound like vicious cats - I think there's a good chance they'd harm you are soon as you step on their territory."

"Then I'll explain everything," Angel replied calmly. "They won't hurt me if I tell them StarClan sent me."

"And what if they don't believe you?"

That was a question Angel had no response to. She thought and thought, but at the end still couldn't provide a suitable reply to her friend. Alani had a point. Yet, Angel's mind was made up. Foolish as she was, knowing nothing but the soft kittypet life, she was certain that the wilderness wouldn't be as horrible as Jack had described it to be. And, if anything, she didn't think that it sounded horrible - she thought it sounded *exciting*.

So, after a quick visit to Jack, she'd gotten confirmation that she indeed wanted to head towards the black dot and that there was a previous MoonClan leader named Sunstar.

"*Sunstar* sent for you?" Jack had asked when Angel told him the name. He took a deep breath. "Well, you'd better go then."

The ginger tom's eyes glistened with concern as he shared his tips for the journey with Angel, but didn't say anything to try and prevent her journey, leaving Alani looking outraged.

"You need to stop her!" the tortoiseshell had mewed. "She'll get herself killed!"

Jack simply curled his tail over his paws, looking calmly at Alani. "If it's StarClan's will, then I can't stand in the way."

And just like that, Angel was ready to head off. She bid a goodbye

and thank-you to Jack, but when she turned to say farewell to Alani, the tortoiseshell turned away, refusing to support the white she-cat's journey.

A small frown tugged over Angel's face at this, but she wiped it away quickly before calling out one last goodbye and leaping over Jack's fence, beginning her long adventure.

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Word Count: 1249

[Edited]

Hi!! This chapter took me SO long to finish, and there certainly isn't many adventurous things going on (just Angel & Alani arguing), but plenty of things will come in the following chapters! Let me know your thoughts on this one, and any predictions you have of the future!!

Have a lovely day/night :)
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chapter 5

By the time night had set, Angel had officially completed her first day in the wild, and she was more than pleased with how it'd gone. Everything was just so lovely and carefree. No cats judging her, nobody telling her when she's allowed out, and being able to explore and go wherever she pleases. It was amazing!

The white she-cat's day had passed like a dream. She'd followed the direction Jack set her on, skipping and bounding through the hills and forest, feeling the wind whistle in her fur and her tail stream out from behind her. When she got tired, she rested in the shade of trees and when she grew thirsty, lapped water from crystal-clear lakes.

Her hunger, however, was something she'd been worried over, as she didn't know how to hunt, but she'd been sure that nature would provide. And indeed it did - just as it was time for dinner, Angel came upon a small Twolegplace in which Jack had marked as a landmark, where she found a friendly Twoleg to feed her some pellets before setting off once more.

Now, the sun had completely disappeared, leaving a sky of twinkling stars. It was time to sleep.

Angel felt her heart beating happily as she found a place to rest beneath a tree, kicking the dirt around her to try and make herself more comfortable on the cold, hard ground. So yes, the sleeping situation wasn't ideal, but it was something she was happy to put up with.

Shutting her eyes, the white she-cat tried to fall asleep. Just as she was about to drift off, she felt something wet hit her head.

Rain.

Yelping, Angel's eyes snapped open as drop after drop began drizzling from the sky, pouring harder and harder. The she-cat

jumped to her paws, eyes scanning around desperately for shelter. *There!* A bush! Jack always spoke of bushes as being good shelter in his stories, and it didn't take long before the white she-cat was bounding towards it eagerly, ducking into it.

Though the undergrowth didn't provide full coverage, it was still better than the tree Angel was under moments before. Now, the white she-cat was shivering, cold and wet. She lay her head on her paws and shut her eyes, shuddering, thinking that she'd experienced the worst of the wilderness.

Little did she know that this was only the first challenge to be thrown at her.

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"*TWOLEG!*"

Screams and shrieks and fierce cries of battle had Angel jumping to her paws at an instant, tail flicking side to side with anxiety as she peeked out of a crack of the boulder, seeing nothing but her Clanmates' flashes of fur and hearing the monstrous footsteps.

What? Confusion flickered through the white she-cat. *What's going on? What's happening?* She tried to move away, further back into the safety of the cave, but seemed to have no control over her own body. Panic seized her and she struggled to no avail. Finally, whoever was controlling her turned and padded over to a small, coughing white she-kit at the end of the cave. In doing so, she passed by a pool of water, in which Angel managed to get a good look at her reflection.

Ginger fur? I don't have ginger fur... What is happening?

She tried to talk, to move, to do something, anything, but there seemed to be nothing she could accomplish other than watch the scene unfold in front of her.

"Iceshade, Whitefang, Brightfur," a voice, belonging to a tom, mewed. "Go stand guard by the nursery. Eagleheart and Hollypelt: take some cats and attack from opposite sides. I'll lead the third
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group and we'll attack from upfront here."

"Wait! What about Swiftstar?"

That voice and protest was drowned out by the yowls of the cats as the Twoleg neared, the question forgotten as the cats split into the battle plan their deputy ordered and hurried to attack, desperate to drive the Twoleg out of their home.

Angel felt fear spike within her pelt as she huddled in front of the white kit as an attempt to shield the she-kit from the battle going on outside. But, it was useless.

A pair of eyes beamed at Angel from the crack of the boulder, and before she knew it, a hand reached inside, towards them. Hissing, she unsheathed her claws and scratched at the Twoleg, her attacks bouncing off harmlessly due to the thick rubber gloves. Panic and anxiety seized her; what was going to happen?

The Twoleg didn't seem to be after her, though. It pushed her aside, reaching for the sleeping kit. Angel's pelt bristled as she let out a mighty cry, leaping at the Twoleg once more with no success of retrieving the she-kit.

The Twoleg returned to the outside, and Angel burst out after it, yowling, "Feathermist! Whitefang! It's got Frostkit!" She had no idea where the names had come from; they slipped off her tongue so easily, as if these were cats she'd known for the longest time.

Her call seemed to grab the cats' attention. A white tom and a gray-and-white she-cat burst from a thick oak tree, their eyes glazed with anxiety. The tom lashed his tail. "Which one?"

It wasn't until now did Angel realize there wasn't one, but two Twolegs. Her stomach twisted. How were they ever going to be able to defeat them?

She opened her jaws to reply and say that she hadn't taken a good look, but the white tom shook it off and picked a creature on his own before taking after it, the gray-and-white she-cat on his tail.

"*Iceshade!*" a voice shrieked from the sidelines of the battle;

moments later, a flash of cream fur appeared through the fighting cats to a gray tom standing guard by the oak tree Feathermist and Whitefang had appeared from. Angel couldn't get a good look at her face, but judging by her appearance, she was definitely worried.

"What's wrong?" the tom asked, his voice just audible over the cries of war.

"*What's wrong?*" the she-cat repeated in a shrill voice, lashing her tail. "Look around! What's happening? Where's Rockfur?"

"He's leading the battle," Iceshade replied, nodding at where the patrols of cats were beginning to drive out the Twolegs, blow by blow.

Or, perhaps, the Twolegs had gotten what they wanted and were leaving. Angel's stomach twisted even more at the thought of the Twoleg taking Frostkit.

The cream she-cat meowed something to him, her voice drowned out by the yowls, but whatever it was, it made Iceshade's pelt stand up.

"I'm going to go help," the gray tom meowed instantly. "You wait here, I'll be back soon. I need to speak with Rockfur." He gave her a quick lick on the ear and took off.

The scene began to blur as Angel began to awake from sleep. Her eyes snapped open as she took in the world around her: her fur was wet from the rain, her stomach was growling, still nestled beneath the bush, and paws now wet with sweat from the dream.

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Word Count: 1155

[Edited]

Hello! Anyone have any thoughts on the dream? Thoughts on Angel's journey? Be sure to let me know, I'd love to read what you think!
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Have a lovely day/night :)

chapter 6

Angel remained in the same spot for a few moments, unmoving. Her chest was heaving up and down. Her paws were matted with sweat. Her blue gaze was pointed firmly at the entrance of the bush, as if she expected some monster to swoop in. She took some deep breaths, listening to the sound of the birds chirping, the feel of soft breezes rustling through the undergrowth, the smell of rain. It was all so calming.

The peacefulness helped the white she-cat's wildly beating heart to slow back into its normal rhythm.

It was just a dream. No need to freak out about it so much, Angel told herself as she climbed to her paws, sticking her head outside the bush. Still, no matter how much she repeated that, she wasn't able to convince herself that the dream wasn't important, nor was she able to smoothen out her bristled pelt.

The dream had to have had a meaning. She'd never heard of the names spoken before, nor was she ever in a situation like the one in the dream. So how could she have dreamt something up like that? There had to be something else going on...

Angel took a deep breath, firmly shaking the thoughts from her mind as she found a puddle to lap up some water. Her stomach grumbled. Hopefully she'd find a place to get some food soon. Maybe she could even try hunting, like the wild cats. Jack had described his methods of hunting in his stories, though the terrains were slightly different...

The white she-cat glanced around. She was in a forest with great, tall trees, the blue sky just visible through the canopy of leaves, the undergrowth covering the grounds and drenched in the scent of rainwater. So yeah, slightly different terrains compared to the moors Jack had grown up with.

Should she still try?

Angel's stomach grumbled again. She had to eat *something*, or she was certain she'd soon starve to death!

The white cat parted her jaws, remembering Jack's stories, and stuck out her tongue, trying to part the scent of water from ones of food. Nothing. Scowling, Angel realized that she didn't even *know* what prey smelled like.

Frustration filled the white she-cat. Why was everything so difficult? The wild was supposed to be fun and carefree!

Calm down, Angel told herself, taking a deep breath. *All you need to do is make it to the Clans. Then it'll become easy. And if anything, now is a great time to practice hunting!*

With that optimistic thought, she tried again, this time catching the scent of what seemed to be a woodland creature. A mouse? Whatever it was, it smelled good, like something she could eat!

The white she-cat followed the scent, instinct telling her to tread lightly on the undergrowth. Turning the corner of a tree, her eyes lit up as she spotted a furry brown creature nibbling on some seeds beneath a tree. Wiggling her tail, Angel prepared for a spring, and jumped.

She landed just besides the mouse, claws brushing against the prey's side. In a squeak of alarm, it turned and fled, leaving a very upset and hungry white she-cat.

"Wha-" An angry noise of protest erupted from the bushes; the undergrowth rustled, and a brown-and-white tom-cat appeared, ears flattened in frustration. "You scared away my prey!" His amber eyes were alight with fury as he whipped around to face Angel. "Who are you, and why are you interfering with my breakfast?"

Angel plastered a cheerful smile onto her face. She'd faced those mean kittypets in the Twolegplace before, surely this was nothing. Just keep smiling. "Hi! I'm Angel! What's your name?"

The tom's scowl didn't soften. "I hardly see why we need to exchange names. I don't care very much about making friends. But

what I *do* care about is why you scared away my meal." His amber gaze hardened, claws sliding in and out.

"I was trying to hunt," Angel explained. "You see, I used to be a kittypet, so I don't really know how to catch food. I'm on a journey, and I haven't eaten since yesterday, so-"

"I didn't ask for your life story," the tom spat. "Listen, if you don't know how to hunt, whatever, starve for all I care. But *do not* go around taking away others' chances for prey-"

"Fang!" A new voice interrupted the conversation as a gray she-cat leaped into the clearing, her ears flicked upwards in surprise at the sight of Angel. "Oh - who's this?"

"I'm Angel!" the white she-cat chirped. "And you are?" She was desperately trying to make friends, but neither cat seemed interested.

Ignoring Angel's words, Fang turned to the gray cat. "Some kittypet who just scared away my catch. What's wrong, Storm?"

Storm glanced at Angel, before lowering her voice to one she probably hoped the white she-cat wouldn't be able to hear but failed. "The kits-"

"Help!"

Angel jumped, pelt bristled in alarm. "What was that?"

Fang gazed at Angel, an annoyed expression painted on his face. "What was what?"

"I just heard a cat yell for help."

Storm narrowed her eyes. "I didn't hear anything."

"No, I swear-" Angel paused. "I promise you, I heard a kit yelling for help."

A kit was dashing through the woods, eyes wide with fear, ducking from one bush to the other, trying to escape a terrifying predator. Its legs were

short, preventing it from running fast, and it looked exhausted, legs about to give out at any moment, former soft white fur now matted and caked with mud.

"Help!" the kit yowled again. "Hel-" Its words were cut off as a rubbery yellow hand swooped down from the sky, lifting the kit up as it yelped and scratched to no avail.

Angel blinked, shaking her head. Woah. Where had that come from?

Both Fang and Storm were staring at her with a suspicious look.

"She's crazy," Fang decided at last. "Let's go."

"No wait!" Angel yelped. "I promise, I did hear a kit!"

Neither cat so much as glanced back as they disappeared into the forest.

Angel sighed, sitting down, tail wrapped around her paws. What *was* that? A vision? She didn't know. It was so weird that she'd have that right after her dream, it seemed too odd to be just a coincidence...

Whatever. It doesn't matter. What does matter is that Angel needed to get some food into her stomach.

Exhaling another sigh, the white she-cat pushed herself to her paws, turned around, and padded out of the clearing in search of food.

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Word Count: 1065

[Edited]

Hello! What do you guys think of this chapter? I think I'm going to add a time-skip in the next chapter, just to move the journey on a little quicker, since the good stuff happens after she reaches the Clans. I wanted to draw the travel out a little bit to show some of the hardships she went through adjusting to the wild, but if I did
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that the story would be quite boring. So just know that she didn't click in super quickly! On a different topic, what are your thoughts on the vision?

Have an amazing day/night :)

chapter 7

Angel's stomach grumbled.

It had been grumbling for a while now.

An entire day without food, as the white she-cat pushed herself forward step by step, not wild berries or even lucky prey catches. Angel's throat felt incredibly dry with the need for water, her pads raw from walking so long, pelt matted with mud.

If Alani or Jack was to see her now, there was no way they'd recognize the former fluffy and white-furred kittypet.

But why hadn't Angel turned around, back to her Twolegplace?

That was a question the white she-cat herself had wondered. Was this the limit? She'd told Alani that if she couldn't handle it, she'd simply come back. Was it time?

But there was something about her argument with the tortoiseshell that fueled her on, a stubborn refusal to admit that she was wrong and Alani was correct, that she couldn't handle the wild life. This wasn't it. She could still push herself longer. And, when she ever did return to the Twolegplace for a visit, it would be as a thriving wild cat, not a hungry, tired, thirsty, and just-hanging-on kittypet.

Plus, Angel kept telling herself, she had to be close. She'd walked so far! A moon, it'd felt like. There was no way that she was still so far from the Clans. Soon, she'd be there. She'd have to be.

And, perhaps it seems that that day has come. Angel's ears perked with alertness as the scent of another cat spiked onto her tongue. Could it be the Clans?

Her steps were tentative and nervous as she followed the scent, feeling her pelt fluff at every little crack of branch or rustle of bush, believing that it was a Clan cat about to jump out at her.

Okay, calm down, she told herself firmly after practically jumping out of her fur when she stepped on a twig and broke it. *You've traveled so long to meet the Clans, to join MoonClan. You're already here and the hard part's over. All you need to do now is introduce yourself, and that's it. The hard part's over.*

Angel's mind began to drift as she started daydreaming about what Clan life would be like. Perhaps they'd have a den, similar to the one her Twoleg owned, but created naturally from trees and branches, providing warmth when the outside is cold and cold when the outside is warm. A canopy of thick, thick leaves to block out the rain and now, of course. Oh, and soft, feather-made nests to sleep in, so comfy and wonderful. And last not certainly not least, a prey pile full to the top, plenty of food for cats to feast and feast for days.

Yes, Angel decided, *life would be absolutely wonderful with the Clans!*

She started humming lightly to herself, shaking off any fear, beginning to skip around in the forest. When she arrived, she'd first give herself a good washing, then perhaps have a mouse! Two, even - she hadn't had a good meal in a *long* while.

As Angel's mind continued to wander, mapping out her ideas, the bushes behind her rustled. The white she-cat ignored it, deciding that it was probably just the wind rustling the leaves. It was a wrong decision.

A ball of gray fur flashed before Angel's eyes and in the next moment, the white she-cat's breath was knocked out of her as she was pushed to the ground. Hard.

Angel winced, eyes shut, trying to pull herself up, but was unable to, now noticing a heavy weight on top of her. She peeked her eyes open and took in the view of a snarling gray she-cat. Her attacker had light gray fur as a base with darker gray stripes and soft rings of white around her muzzle and eyes; speaking of eyes, Angel had never seen bluer eyes in her life. The gray cat possessed a pair of dark blue eyes that somehow struck the white she-cat with a sense that she'd seen them before somewhere, but couldn't quite remember how or where.

"Hi."

Normally, when a cat had just knocked you to the ground, the best thing to do would be to attempt friendship. So that's what Angel tried to do.

The gray she-cat's snarl deepened, pressing her claws into Angel's flesh, making her wince. "What are you doing on our land?"

The friendship didn't work.

"I'm sorry, I didn't realize this was your land. I didn't smell any scent markers." Angel tilted her head as she tried recalling whether or not she had scented cats, coming up blank.

The gray she-cat rolled her eyes. "Stupid rogue," she muttered, her claws digging deeper. "I ought to-"

"Skypaw!" A loud voice belonging to a she-cat interrupted whatever the gray cat was going to say. Moments later, the bush rustled once more and Angel caught sight of a pair of ginger paws leaping out. "What did I say about running ahead? You need to stay with the patrol and-" The cat broke off, ears pricked, as she spotted Angel. "Oh. Whitefang! Hurry!" the cat called behind her, before redirecting her attention back to the two cats in front of her. "Skypaw, get off."

"Sorry, Cherryheart," Skypaw muttered as she climbed off.

Gosh, they have weird names.

Angel sucked in a breath of air, scrambling up to her paws, observing the two cats in front of her. Skypaw's scowl never once melted from her face, but Cherryheart didn't seem particularly mad, her brown gaze more annoyed.

"Hello!" Angel chirped, towards Cherryheart this time, another attempt to make friendship.

Cherryheart eyed Angel, sizing her up, before giving her a curt nod. "Stay there," she meowed, "until Whitefang comes."

"Why can't I just chase her off?" Skypaw protested.

"We need to decide what to do with her," Cherryheart explained as though Angel wasn't there, "especially with all the events happening with WaterClan. For all we know, she could be a spy."

Angel's ears practically flew up at the mention of WaterClan. She knew that name! She'd heard it plenty from Jack's stories. She'd done it! She'd found the Clans! "I know WaterClan!" she chirped happily.

It was the wrong thing to say. Cherryheart's eyes widened and Skypaw let out a snarl, blue gaze glittered with fury as she jumped on Angel again, knocking her over and landing a blow to the white she-cat's muzzle, earning her a wince of pain.

"A spy!" Skypaw declared, lashing her tail.

The bushes parted once more, this time letting through a white tom with green eyes and a young gray she-cat, looking about the age of Skypaw, ducking her head down to gaze at the scene of Angel and Skypaw with curious green eyes.

"Whitefang! There you are!" Cherryheart addressed the white tom. "It seems that we've found a WaterClan spy."

"Seems that? We've definitely found one!" Skypaw growled as she leaned closer.

"Calm down now, Skypaw. She looks like she's just a rogue," Whitefang mewed.

Skypaw shook her head. "No way! She knows about WaterClan. How dare they try to send spies into MoonClan's land!"

Angel's ears pricked. "Wait, MoonClan? That's where I need to go!"

Skypaw hissed. "For one spy, you sure are stupid, aren't you?"

"No, no, I'm not a spy," Angel insisted. "I've been sent here by a ginger cat in my dream"- *Oh, what's his name?* -"to *help* MoonClan!"

"Ginger cat?" Skypaw wrinkled her nose. "You sound delusional."

Behind her, Cherryheart and Whitefang shared a look, a small nod of agreement passing through them.

Panic seized Angel. "No, no! I promise, it was real!" *What was the tom's name?* She racked her brain. Sunbreeze? Sunfall? "Sunshine?" she tried.

Skypaw's face told her she was wrong. "See? She doesn't know what she's talking about. She *is* a WaterClan spy!"

The gray she-cat raised a paw, about to strike down; Angel shut her eyes, blurting out another name that popped into her mind. "Sunstar! I mean Sunstar!"

The shocked silence and lack of blow from Skypaw confirmed that the white she-cat was correct.

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Word Count: 1301

[Edited]

Hey, hey, hey! Today's chapter is a tad long, so I do apologize for that! I tried to cut it off before Whitefang appeared, but I couldn't find a good spot to do it. Anyways, let me know your thoughts! Angel *is* a tad delusional about the whole Clan-life-will-be-so-amazing thing, but she will be having character development! And, as always, voting always helps!!

Have a wonderful day/night :)
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chapter 8

"Skypaw," Whitefang spoke, finally breaking the silence, voice tinted with shock, "get off."

A small frown furrowed on Skypaw's face as she climbed off Angel once more, lashing her tail. "So she knows Sunstar's name! So what? WaterClan could've easily told her to say that!"

Angel winced. Skypaw made a good point. She had nothing else to reference off. However, she couldn't help but remember the reaction Jack had had when she mentioned Sunstar's name, the same look of shock now printed over Whitefang and Cherryheart's face.

"Skypaw," Cherryheart hissed, "*be quiet.*"

The two older cats exchanged a glance before Whitefang gave a curt nod. "Come with us"- he paused -"what's your name?"

"Angel," the white she-cat chirped back.

"Well then, come with us, Angel, we're taking you to see Swiftstar."

The white cat nodded, recognizing the prefix at the end as a sign of leadership. "Okay." She hopped after Cherryheart, watching as the ginger she-cat skidded up a tree, gazing down at her own paws, wondering if she'd be able to do that. She hadn't tried before.

"Cherryheart!" Whitefang called up the tree. "She doesn't know how to climb. Take Skypaw and Fernpaw back, I'll walk Angel to camp."

After a nod of confirmation from the ginger cat, Skypaw shoved past Angel hotly, purposely bumping and knocking her aside, before leaping up the tree.

Whitefang sighed. "Alright, let's go."

The trek back was awkward, no doubt about it. Neither cat spoke much, just trudged on, Angel struggling her way through all the

thick undergrowth. No wonder they travel by trees. She gazed around in wonder at the territory around her; tall trees with thick roots and branches, large green leaves sprouting from them, creating a lovely canopy. Bushes upon bushes, making a nice place for critters to hide. And probably the worst part, the fact that getting to camp is an uphill journey; as if the struggle through all the greenery wasn't hard enough!

Finally, they arrived at a thorny wall, which Angel assumed was the wall of the camp. She gazed around, eyes narrowed with confusion. "How do we get in?"

Whitefang gave her a small smile. "Well, normally we'd be able to jump in from the tree branches," he meowed, nodding at a large branch hanging into the wall, "but since you can't climb... Well, we'll use this entrance." He padded forward, dipped down, and disappeared.

Angel felt as though her eyes were about to pop out of her head. How had he just disappeared? She leaned down, spotting a hole on the ground, hidden within bush leaves, so small she wouldn't have spotted it, yet large enough to fit a cat through.

From here on out, it'll all be good, Angel reminded herself. She took a deep breath, and slipped through.

Picking herself up from the hole, the bright sunlight flashed in Angel's eyes, and she blanked out.

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The moon's bright light was blocked by the thick clouds as Angel rushed down a hill, undergrowth snagging at her pelt. Except it wasn't Angel. She was in another vision, watching the scene from another cat's point of view, unable to control or do anything. With one quick glance down at her pelt, she confirmed that it was ginger instead of her natural white.

Angel hissed in frustration, looking out at the large spread of bushes. She whipped around, dug her claws into a tree trunk, and hauled herself up, unable to see much due to the darkness.
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Nonetheless, her leaps from branch to branch were graceful, as though she'd been doing it all her life.

Coming to the bottom of the hill, Angel spotted a gray she-cat. She could feel herself growing in excitement as she leaped down from the tree, right in front of the cat. The she-cat's amber eyes lit up in joy as she spotted Angel, leaning forward to nuzzle her in greeting.

"Hello!" the gray she-cat purred happily. "Was it hard to get away from your Clan?"

"Slightly," Angel rumbled back, licking her ear, "but it's fine, I got away at the end. Plus, I'd risk anything just to see you."

The she-cat's purr rose as she pushed her muzzle towards Angel. "I wish we could stay like this forever."

Angel sighed back. "Me too."

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Woah. Angel blinked vividly, shaking her pelt. *What was that?* The vision still whirled around in her mind, creating question after question. Who was the gray she-cat? Who was the cat whose eyes Angel saw the vision from? How did she get that vision? What was going on?

Focus on the present, the white she-cat told herself. And when she did, she found what seemed like hundreds of eyes fixed onto her, some hostile, others curious. Unfamiliar faces swarmed her vision, and she shuffled her paws uneasily.

"Whitefang," a voice mewed - Angel traced it to a gray she-cat, feeling her ears jump up in shock (perhaps that was the she-cat in her vision?) but soon realized her prediction was incorrect, for this one possessed blue eyes instead of amber. "Who is this?"

"This is Angel, Rainsong." Whitefang didn't explain any further. "I'm taking her to see Swiftstar."

"Swiftstar's in her den, taking a nap, I believe." This time, it was a dark gray tom who spoke. "I don't think this is the right time to
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bother-"

"What's going on?" A new voice joined the conversation, interrupting the tom's words. A cream-colored she-cat padded out from a cave on top of a ledge, her blue gaze narrowed at the gathered cats. "Rockfur, care to explain?"

The gray tom - Rockfur - ruffled his pelt. "I'm not sure, Swiftstar. It was Whitefang who brought this cat here to our camp." He nodded at Angel before flicking his tail in clear disapproval.

For the first time, Swiftstar's gaze met Angel's. Suddenly, the leader's eyes widened in recognition, her pelt spiked for a moment before she smoothened it again. "I see." Her voice was steady, but her muscles were tense. "Please," she mewed, addressing Angel, "come into my den."

The white she-cat gulped as she skidded around the crowd of cats and up the path that took her to the top of the ledge, where the cream she-cat was waiting.

"After you," Swiftstar meowed, nodding at the entrance of the cave.

Angel ducked her head and hurried inside, Swiftstar padding in after her. Now, she was alone with the leader of MoonClan.

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Word Count: 1040

[Edited]

A shorter chapter today, to balance out Chapter 7! So, what did you guys think? I feel like I've already said this, but I just want to make it super clear that in the visions, it's not Angel in it, it's Angel watching the scene from the eyes of another cat, but since I can't reveal the mysterious cat, I've just titled them 'Angel', since it's like she *is* the other cat, if that makes sense. I feel like I've just made it more confusing, haha. Anyway, let me know if you have any more questions on it, and I'll do my best to explain!

Have an absolutely amazing day/night :)
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chapter 9

"Your name?"

Angel blinked; she'd been lost in her train of thought about the vision, as Swiftstar had remained silent for a long time. Only now did the MoonClan leader speak, prompting the white she-cat from her mind.

"Oh, I'm Angel."

Swiftstar gave only a brief nod. "Loner or kittypet? And age?"

"Um, well, I used to be a kittypet," Angel replied, trying to keep up with all the questions, "but I've been traveling for about a moon now. And uh... I think I'm seven moons old?" She wasn't very sure, it was just a guess, since she didn't know any cats that were there the day of her birth.

Swiftstar accepted this answer with a flick of her tail. "Very well. And may I ask what brought you to MoonClan?" The leader's face was unreadable, but it was clear that she was looking for a specific answer.

"I know this is going to sound weird, but I got a dream one night from a StarClan cat named Sunstar"- at this, Swiftstar's ears pricked -"when I was still a kittypet, and he told me that there was going to be danger in the future, so he wanted MoonClan to have as much help as possible." Angel paused. "I guess he recruited me."

Swiftstar shot some more questions at her: Why did she agree? How did her journey go? If her journey was so hard, why hadn't she turned around and just gone back to the Twolegplace?

For the last question, Angel gave Swiftstar the same answer she gave herself when she'd wondered about it. But truth be told, she was having trouble on her first night, when it had rained. Why hadn't she just returned then? Well, there was some part of her that

enjoyed the wild, even with all its challenges, and she knew that even though living in the outdoors was tough, life there was still better than life in the Twolegplace.

"Can I ask you a question?" Angel mewed tentatively. "What's the story behind Sunstar? When I said his name, Skypaw said that I could've been told to say the name Sunstar, but Whitefang and Cherryheart decided to take me to you anyway. They both looked... shocked, I guess."

Swiftstar heaved out a sigh. She was silent for a long time before speaking. "Sunstar was a noble warrior," she mewed at last. "He was the leader before me, and he was willing to give his life to save his Clan. However, once he died, there was minimal contact from him. All prophecies and warnings are given by our previous medicine cats, normally the first one ever - the cat who served under our Clan founders." Swiftstar paused. "But, about a little more than a moon ago... something happened, and Redberry received a dream from Flurrybreeze, our first medicine cat. Flurrybreeze told Redberry that all of the contacts will now be made by Sunstar. When Redberry asked why, Flurrybreeze didn't provide an answer.

This was only shared amongst me and the senior warriors, the apprentices know nothing of this. So basically, I guess what went through Whitefang and Cherryheart's mind is that if WaterClan was trying to sneak you in, they'd use Flurrybreeze's name, not Sunstar's, since they don't know of this change. And even if they did, they would have to guess a random cat, and for all they know, it could be another medicine cat. It's just... very unlikely that they'd guess Sunstar."

Swiftstar finished her speech, clearing her throat. "I hope that explains it a little bit. But that's not what I'm interested in talking to you about."

Angel felt her muzzle scrunch up in confusion. What was Swiftstar talking about? What else did they have to discuss? *Oh, right! Me joining the Clan.* "Yeah," the white she-cat agreed with a nod. "I guess you're talking about whether or not I'm joining MoonClan. I don't quite know how to hunt and fight, but I'm willing to learn, I promise. And I've some experience climbing fences from the

Twolegplace, and-"

"Oh, if you'd like to, you're joining the Clan. Sunstar sent you, after all," Swiftstar interrupted.

Angel paused for a moment. "Okay, then. I'd love to." It all felt so surreal. A moon of tough life finally paid off. She was here, and she was going to join *MoonClan*!

The white she-cat began to get up, about to head out of the den, when the leader called her back. Puzzled, Angel tilted her head, trying to think what Swiftstar may still want.

"To me," Swiftstar began, "it just seems... odd that Sunstar would contact a kittypet in a dream." Angel opened her jaws to explain, but the leader cut her off. "But more so, it's even more odd that a kittypet would have a strong enough bond with StarClan for them to even reach her. Unless she already has some connections here."

Swiftstar's blue gaze stared deep into Angel's, yet the white she-cat only found her mind muddled, unsure as to what the leader was referring to.

Swiftstar sighed. "Angel, what did you think of Whitefang?"

"Whitefang?" The white she-cat paused. "He's nice, I guess. He seems like a good warrior, very loyal and protective."

The MoonClan leader nodded in approval. "Good. I'm glad that you think well of him, because he's your father."

"Oh yeah, of course I think well of him, he hasn't really given me a reason not to-" Angel broke off, fully processing Swiftstar's words, one particular phrase running through her mind, again and again, until it had lost meaning and she was certain that she'd heard it wrong. "Wait. Did you say that he's my father? Why would you think *that*?"

Shock had bristled through her. Swiftstar was wrong. She had to be. Angel was a former *kittypet*, for crying out loud! How could she possibly be Whitefang's daughter? Yet a small part of her was fluttering with hope. She could be the daughter of a warrior, wild

blood running through her veins. How cool would that be?

Swiftstar gave her a smile. "You're seven moons, yes? The same age as the kits of Whitefang's litter. But not only that," she plunged on, "Whitefang's kits were stolen from him about six moons ago, by Twolegs. We searched all the Twolegplaces nearby, but never found anything. I'd guess a moon's travel would be the answer as to why we never found you: it was too far."

"But it could just be a coincidence!" Angel protested weakly.

Swiftstar shook her head. "Now why would Sunstar send us a kittypet to help us? And from so far, too? Surely there's got to be more meaning than that. Plus, tell me, do you have any memory of your parents or littermates?"

"No..."

"Because you were taken from them too young," Swiftstar mewed kindly. "You, Angel, have MoonClan blood running through your veins, and you are a pure wild cat. Now, come, let's announce your admission to the Clan."

Everything felt surreal. She was a MoonClan cat? Her father was Whitefang?

Angel barely processed her getting to her paws, trotting after Swiftstar out of the den. She barely noticed how the cats stared at her, awaiting their leader's next orders. But what she did hear, loud and clear, was Swiftstar's voice:

"Cats of MoonClan, please welcome Angel, the lost daughter of Whitefang and Feathermist!"

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Word Count: 1197

[Edited]

Hello! This chapter was pretty cliché, no? Angel's a MoonClan cat; now who could've seen *that* coming? Fairly certain that most of you
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have guessed this since the first chapter, haha. But don't worry, though kittypet-turned-wild-cat is overused, I've got plenty of events planned!

Have a fabulous day/night :)

chapter 10

In the next moment, Angel realized two things.

One: MoonClan cats sure were good at being shocked into silence and staring. Especially Whitefang. His jaw was gaped open, though Angel was pretty sure she looked like that herself when Swiftstar first told her the news.

Two: Hearing the two names, Whitefang and Feathermist, together made something in Angel's brain click. It was the names she'd heard in one of her dreams, the one she'd had early in her journey! So that vision had been about MoonClan. Was, perhaps, the stolen kit *her*? Had she dreamt about her own kidnapping?

"What?" A soft voice broke the silence; it came from a gray-and-white she-cat standing beside Whitefang, who Angel came to the conclusion was Feathermist. "What did you say, Swiftstar?"

Swiftstar gave an amused chuckle. "You heard me right, my sister. It seems that Frostkit has returned."

Sister? Angel stared at the MoonClan leader in shock. *Does that mean Swiftstar's my aunt? I'm kin with the leader?*

"Oh." It was a soft sigh, one full of tingling hope, just allowing one to fully embrace the message. Then, Feathermist's eyes lit up, and she bounded towards Angel, leaping on top of the ledge and thrusting her muzzle in the white she-cat's fur, voice quivering when she spoke. "I thought I'd never see you again."

Angel's position was stiff and awkward, tapping her nose gently against Feathermist's head. She never thought she'd meet her mother, much less have her mother be a Clan cat. What was she supposed to do? How was one supposed to react when they were told a stranger was their mom?

Nonetheless, she was happy, and a joyful purr burst out from her.

"I'll give you some time to catch up," Swiftstar meowed, her voice full of emotion. "I'll announce Angel's apprentice ceremony later. By the way, I'd get rid of the collar before the ceremony begins. Oh - and one more thing, you're okay with using a Clan name instead of Angel?"

The white she-cat nodded instantly. "Yeah." Angel wanted to fit in in any way possible, and getting a new name was going to help her do that.

Swiftstar smiled before disappearing, leaving Feathermist and Angel alone on the ledge, the gray-and-white she-cat still in the embrace. Finally pulling out, Feathermist's blue eyes were swarmed with joy.

The MoonClan cats seemed to have somewhat returned to their normal selves, talking amongst each other, yet still not that full blown chatter, glancing at Angel and Feathermist from the corner of their eyes, as if not believing it.

"Come, follow me! Oh, I just can't wait to show you around! And you'll have to meet your siblings, of course! I just can't believe this is real!"

Angel let out another purr as she followed her mother off the ledge and towards Whitefang, who's gaze was brimmed with happiness as well. He dipped his head down to give Angel's ear a lick. "Welcome home."

Feathermist beamed. "Indeed! Thank StarClan you've come back to us! I can't believe-"

She broke off suddenly as a pained look took over her expression, and she backed away, leaving Angel in confusion. Whitefang gave his kit a reassuring smile and his mate a gentle lick, as if waking her up from whatever trance she was in.

Feathermist plastered another smile on her face, though this time Angel could tell it was more forced. "Now, time to tour the camp! I'll get your sister to show you around, actually! You two can have some bonding time!" The gray-and-white she-cat flicked her tail happily as she glanced around, spotting her target. "Skypaw! Come

here!"

Angel froze hearing the name. It was as if her heart had stopped beating. *Skypaw? Skypaw's my sister? No, that can't be true! I must've heard her wrong, Skypaw hates me!*

But indeed, it was the gray she-cat who appeared, eyes filled with scorn, wearing a scowl. "Yes, Mother?"

"Meet your sister!" Feathermist chirped happily. "Could you show her around, please? Her apprentice ceremony is going to start soon, so if you could help her get her collar off too, that'd be amazing!" Clearly, Feathermist thought that she was giving the sisters a bonding chance that they both yearned for, whereas the truth couldn't be farther away.

A fake smile spread on Skypaw's face under her mother's eyes. "Of course! Let's go, Angel!" She flicked her tail and the white she-cat followed her slowly, practically dragging her paws.

Maybe she could try to start over, and make friends with Skypaw. That'd be better than hating each other.

"I think we might've started on the wrong paw," Angel offered. "Let's start over! I-"

Skypaw whipped around. "*I don't care*," the gray tabby hissed, her pelt bristled now that they were out of their mother's view. "Why did you have to come at all? Our lives were perfectly fine without you!"

Skypaw held Angel's gaze dauntingly, demanding an answer, but when the white she-cat didn't have one, the gray tabby growled in frustration and scanned the camp before yowling, "Fernpaw, get over here!"

Confusion narrowed through Angel, but she remained silent. She didn't know what to say, and honestly, she didn't know what she *could* say without angering Skypaw further.

Moments later, Fernpaw padded up beside them, green gaze sparkling with confusion. "Yes? What's going on?"

"Are you busy right now?" Skypaw mewed hotly.

"No, Whitefang's a little preoccupied with the whole thing, so I don't think he-"

"Good." Skypaw cut her off with a lash of her tail. "Then you can show her"- she flicked her tail in Angel's direction in indication -"around. I'm not wasting my time on this. And you'd better not tell Whitefang and Feathermist." With that, the gray tabby turned and stalked away.

"Er- I'm sorry about that," Angel mewed. She didn't know why she was apologizing, but she just felt as though it was right. *I don't want Fernpaw to hate me, too.* "You don't have to give me a tour of the camp, I'm sure I'll learn in time, don't worry about it."

But to her surprise, Fernpaw's eyes were bright with excitement. "No, it's okay! I'm happy to give you a tour. Plus, I wanted to meet you anyway, so I guess this is a good opportunity to do that!" The dark gray she-cat flicked her tail. "I'm Fernpaw."

Angel let out a soft purr. "And I'm Angel."

"Nice to meet you! Now come on, we've got a lot to do before your apprentice ceremony!" With that, Fernpaw flicked her tail and bounded away.

Angel's purr deepened as she followed the gray she-cat, and perhaps her newest friend.

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Word Count: 1077

[Edited]

Hello! Thoughts on this chapter, and the relationship between Angel & Skypaw? I'm very interested to hear what you guys think about that! As always, let me know, and if you'd like, it would be amazing if you voted!! I'd appreciate that very much!

Have a fabulous day/night :)
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if you celebrate,
Merry Christmas!

chapter 11

"So that's the apprentices den," Fernpaw meowed as they padded out, whisking her tail. "You'll be sleeping in there tonight, so I can help you make or pick out a nest once you're assigned a mentor."

Angel nodded; Fernpaw had just finished showing her the warriors, elders, and apprentices den, along with the roles and functions of the Clan, so the white she-cat had a more firm understanding of the relationship of apprentice and mentor. Now, they were moving onto the medicine den, and the dark gray she-cat's features wiggled with excitement as she blinked at Angel.

"There's someone in here who I'm very excited for you to meet," she mewed cheerfully before ducking inside.

The heavy scent of herbs enveloped Angel's senses instantly, almost making her recoil and step back. The sound of water dripping into a pool echoed throughout the cave as a ginger she-cat poked her head out from a room in the back, a small smile spreading across her face as she spotted the visitors.

"Ah, welcome. Fernpaw, I see you've brought the newest member of our Clan."

Angel beamed at this. Most of the other Clan cats she'd met weren't mean, but they certainly weren't accepting, either.

"Mhm! Angel, meet MoonClan's medicine cat, Redberry."

Redberry stepped out and padded towards Angel. "Feel free to come to me if you need anything, I'm always happy to help. And-" The ginger she-cat broke off as she neared, eyes narrowed, gaze flashing. "I-" She cleared her throat, ruffling her pelt. "You're Whitefang and Feathermist's daughter, yes?"

The white she-cat nodded, confused at what the medicine cat was indicating.

"Well," Redberry mewed, "there's another cat here who I'm sure you're more excited to meet than me. Stormpaw, come out and greet your sister!"

Angel's pelt spiked. *I have a brother, too?* Excitement blurred through her, then anxiety. *What if he hates me like Skypaw?*

A gray-and-white tom appeared out of the cave Redberry did, a small, polite smile spreading on his face. Nothing overly excited like Feathermist or Whitefang, but genuine. "Hey. Nice to meet you, I'm Stormpaw."

Angel cocked her head. It felt so awkward, introducing herself to her brother. It was clear Stormpaw felt the same way, with the shuffles of his paws and flicks of his tail. They've never met each other, and now they were supposed to be siblings? Angel certainly couldn't blame Stormpaw for the way he was acting, she felt the same way. At least he was nice.

"Hi, I'm Angel. You're the medicine cat apprentice?"

Angel felt a small tingle of pride when Stormpaw nodded, proving that she had indeed guessed correctly and she was learning about how the Clan functions. "Yeah, it's pretty cool. I can't wait until I become a full medicine cat."

Redberry chuckled. "Now that's still off into the future," she teased. "Now come on, we've got herbs to pick. And I'm sure Angel still has the camp to see."

With that, they bid their goodbyes and headed in separate ways.

"What do I still need to show you?" Fernpaw wondered aloud as she skipped through the camp. "Oh, the nursery! Come on! Snowmist just had these new kits, they are *so cute*, and-"

"Greetings." A new voice cut off what Fernpaw was about to say as a dark gray tom padded up to the two she-cats. A small flicker passed through Angel as she recognized the cat as Rockfur.

Fernpaw smiled. "Hi, Dad!"

Rockfur acknowledged his daughter with a small flick of his ears, before turning back to Angel. "I just wanted to introduce myself to our newest member. I'm Rockfur, deputy of MoonClan."

"Nice to meet you," Angel offered.

Rockfur nodded. "And, I hope that your tour is almost finished, for Swiftstar's just about ready to start the ceremony."

"Oh, yeah!" Fernpaw mewed. "I just need to show her the nursery really quickly. Come on, Angel!" She led the white she-cat away towards a great oak tree, Rockfur's eyes following them the entire time.

"In here!" Fernpaw ducked underneath the roots, climbing into a small den beneath.

There, a white she-cat was nestled in a pile of moss, a brown tom-kit curled at her belly. The she-cat lifted her head when Angel approached, tired amber eyes welcoming the two.

The same routine. A hello, introduction, welcome to the Clan, and small, awkward conversation. Angel was complimenting how cute Snowmist's kit was when Fernpaw broke in.

"Hey, Snowmist, where's Echokit?"

The white she-cat flicked her tail carelessly. "Wandered off somewhere, I suppose."

"*Wandered off somewhere?*" Fernpaw repeated, ears flicked up in alert. "She's only a couple days old!"

"Yes, but she's gotten her eyes open and is eager to explore. This one on the other paw"- Snowmist turned her gaze to the kit curled at her belly, eyes full of love -"is still working on it. But I bet when his eyes open, it'll be just as beautiful as his father's, isn't that right, Dewkit?"

"Her mate died in a battle against WaterClan, just a couple moons ago," Fernpaw whispered quietly into Angel's ear. "Snowmist's heartbroken. The two were so close. Dewkit was named after her

mate, actually, because they look so similar."

Angel gave a small nod as Fernpaw glanced around, meowing, "Oh, here's Echokit, Snowmist!" She padded across the den, picked up a squirming cream-colored tabby and set her by Snowmist's belly. "There you go."

Snowmist huffed. "Echokit, you can't just run off. Dewkit would never, now would you, Dewkit?" Giving her son's head a lick, the queen glanced up at Fernpaw and mewed, "Thank you, dear. Now, don't you two have an apprentice ceremony to attend?"

At the mention of that, Angel's stomach tingled. It was coming closer and closer.

"Yeah! Come on, Angel, let's get that collar off."

The two ducked out of the nursery and Fernpaw unsheathed her claws. Angel's pink collar, now worn down by the moon of traveling, broke easily, as if it, too, was yielding to the wilderness.

"I'll get rid of this," Fernpaw meowed, picking up the collar. "You can go see your kin quickly before the ceremony starts."

"Okay! And thanks for showing me around!"

A sweet smile spread on Fernpaw's face. "No problem!"

The two bid a quick goodbye and split ways, Angel padding towards where her parents were standing with Skypaw and Stormpaw.

Feathermist's eyes were glistening with excitement. "Oh, this is so amazing! How was the tour?"

"Which I thought Skypaw was supposed to give you," Whitefang put in with a glance at the gray tabby.

"Oh, I had something to do," Skypaw replied, "so I had Fernpaw do it instead. Hope that's alright."

Feathermist flicked her tail. "Well, as long as Angel's explored the

camp, then it's fine. You two will have plenty of other opportunities to get to know each other!"

Skypaw plastered a smile onto her face. "I can't wait."

"Let every cat in MoonClan gather around the Highledge for a Clan meeting!" Swiftstar's voice boomed through the camp, catching every cat's attention.

Angel's ears pricked as she turned towards the Highledge, buzzing with excitement. *It's happening! I'm going to be a part of MoonClan!*

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Word Count: 1149

[Edited]

Hey! Sorry, this chapter's pretty much a filler, but it did introduce some characters that'll be important to the later plot!! As always, let me know what you think, and it'd be amazing if you voted!

Have a lovely day/night :)
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chapter 12

"Come on!" Feathermist sounded as excited as Angel did. "Let's go!" Beckoning to the family, they padded to the Highledge, where Swiftstar was perched, watching as MoonClan gathered beneath her.

Cats gave Angel polite smiles, nothing too exciting; some, in fact, seemed to have their noses wrinkled in disapproval, but when Whitefang or Feathermist glanced over, it vanished instantly.

Angel winced. She just hoped her mentor wouldn't be one of the cats who didn't like her.

"Would Angel approach, please?" Swiftstar called, and the white she-cat lumbered forward. The MoonClan leader gave her a kind smile and continued. "Six moons ago, we were attacked by Twolegs. They killed our cats and took our kits. One of those stolen kits is Angel, daughter of Whitefang and Feathermist. We thank StarClan that she's back with us, and we're more than happy to deem her an apprentice today."

Swiftstar cleared her throat, beginning the ceremony. "Angel, it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you shall reclaim your lost name and be known as Frostpaw. Your mentor will be Willowtail. I hope that she passes on all she knows to you."

Frostpaw gazed around at the crowd nervously, trying to pick out her mentor. Swiftstar flicked her tail, and a young tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes stepped forward. Willowtail blinked at Frostpaw and gave her a kind smile, calming the white she-cat down instantly.

"Willowtail, you are ready to take on an apprentice. You have received excellent training, and it was you that night who heard the Twolegs and alerted us. I trust that you will pass down your sharp skills to Frostpaw."

"Frostpaw! Frostpaw!"

The camp was filled with scattered cheers, and Swiftstar gave Frostpaw a gentle nudge to tap noses with Willowtail. The white she-cat scrambled forward to do so, sealing the apprenticeship.

Frostpaw beamed happily. She turned, about to thank Swiftstar, only to find that the leader's already disappeared. Features furrowed, Frostpaw decided to introduce herself to Willowtail instead; just when she was about to do so, a cat's voice, low into a gossipy whisper, caught her attention.

"It's no wonder Swiftstar assigned Frostpaw to Willowtail. I mean, kill two birds with one stone, right?"

The white she-cat spun around, spotting a light brown she-cat with blue eyes whispering to a ginger tom.

Willowtail heard them too. She heaved out a sigh, before meowing, "Don't you have better things to do than gossip, Leafsong?"

Leafsong flicked her tail. "What Foxfur and I talk about is none of your business. We have the right to express our opinions."

Willowtail cocked her head. "Well don't let Feathermist or Whitefang hear those opinions about their daughter. Otherwise they'd come for your neck."

"Come on, Foxfur," Leafsong sneered, "let's go." The two trotted away, leaving Willowtail and Frostpaw in silence.

"What was *that* about?" Frostpaw asked.

Another sigh. "Nothing. Don't worry about it." Willowtail shook her pelt, before smiling. "So, how about this plan: we'll do a tour of the territory, and you can come back, have something to eat, then meet the other apprentices. Sound good?"

Frostpaw nodded. "Yeah!"

And with that, the two padded out of the camp.

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Paws thundering against the ground.

Another dream, where Frostpaw could only sit and watch, unable to do anything.

Wind blew across Frostpaw's fur as she bounded through the moor, in her jaws carrying a rabbit, headed straight for a strip of woodland. She reached the trees, slowing her pace, navigating through the undergrowth until she reached a clearing. Inside, the gray she-cat was curled beside a bush, four kits suckling at her stomach.

Frostpaw dropped the rabbit, alerting the she-cat. Her amber eyes flashed with recognition and love. "Oh, you're back! Good, I was getting worried."

When Frostpaw didn't respond, she tried again.

"That's a great catch, dear. I'm looking forward to when the kits are old enough and we can teach them to hunt. Won't that be wonderful, having our own little family?"

Frostpaw nodded stiffly and nudged the rabbit closer, but the gray she-cat didn't seem to catch her odd behavior. Her amber gaze was pinpointed onto her kits, love flickering through them. "Oh, our kits are just *perfect*, aren't they?"

"Indeed." When Frostpaw finally spoke, it came out in a deep rumble. "I was thinking-"

"No." The gray she-cat cut her off, as if she knew what Frostpaw was going to suggest, amber eyes flashing. "We are *not* returning to the Clans."

"Now how did you know I was going to suggest that?"

"Your behavior's been off for the past couple of days," the gray she-cat replied. "It's clear what you're thinking." She paused, sighing, eyes desperate. "I know it's hard being on our own after living in a Clan our whole lives, but it'll be worth it, I promise. Once you see
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our kits grow up, you can teach them to hunt and fight! We'll have our own little area, where it'll be just us and our kits, no cat to stop us from seeing each other. It'll be amazing, I promise you."

Frostpaw didn't buy her words. "I love you and our kits, you know I do. But we have a duty to our Clan. We can't just abandon them, not right now, at this perilous time."

"You mean when our Clans are fighting each other?" the gray she-cat demanded, eyes flashing. "This is why we left in the first place! Because our Clans are *at war*! You can't possibly want to go back for the same reason?"

"We need to help our Clans. We have a responsibility to them-"

"But we have a responsibility to our kits, first!" the gray cat interrupted, lashing her tail. "We brought them into this world, and it isn't fair that we don't stay with them. They deserve to have both of their parents, and you don't want any of us to switch Clans because of your *reputation*." The last bit was spoken coldly, full of resentment.

Frostpaw paused, thinking over her words carefully. "You'll be safer with your Clan," she meowed finally. "Plus, our Clans need us-"

"They don't need me!"

"But they need me." Frostpaw's voice was firm. "I'm going back, and I think you should, too."

The gray she-cat studied her for a moment. "Fine," she meowed, gaze tinted with pain. "Fine. I get it. Your life in the Clan is more important." She stood up, lashing her tail. "But don't blame me that our kits grow up without knowing their father's name. You brought that on yourself."

Her angry amber eyes were the last things that Frostpaw saw as her dream began to dissolve.

"Hey. Hey." A soft voice sounded next to her, along with gentle poking on her side.

Frostpaw yawned, turning to see Blackpaw, Fernpaw's brother, who she'd met just today. He tilted his head, blue gaze concerned. "You alright?"

Behind him, moonlight streamed into the apprentices den, and the soft snores of the others filled the room.

"Mhm," Frostpaw replied. "Why?"

"Nothing. It's just that you were talking in your sleep, and tossing and turning a lot. Seemed like you had a bad dream."

The white she-cat flicked her tail. "Yeah. Don't worry. It was just a bad dream."

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Word Count: 1168

[Edited]

Hi!! Third chapter that I've written in a single day, so I'm pretty proud of that! What did you think of this one? Slightly more action, haha. Any thoughts on what Leafsong was referring to? The dream? Let me know! And as always, it'd be super if you voted!!

Have a wonderful day/night :)

let's hope 2021 is better than 2020!
Happy New Year!! 🎇🎉
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chapter 13

Frostpaw's mind was still whirling about the dream by the time she got up. Fernpaw offered to share a mouse with her, and as thankful as the white she-cat was, she could barely focus on Fernpaw's conversation.

"Ooh, I can't wait until you learn to climb! Maybe I could teach it to you! Then I could show you my favorite spot, it's all the way up the Great Oak, and..."

Frostpaw just bobbed her head in agreement. The cats in her dream mentioned the Clans a lot, so they must be here. Still live here. But who were they? And most importantly, who was the cat whose point of view Frostpaw always dreamed from? Who was he?

Maybe it doesn't even matter, Frostpaw told herself, shaking out her pelt. *It's probably just some dream.* But why would she have a dream about cats she'd never met? And it certainly didn't feel like 'just some dream'. She had the same thing with a dream of the Twolegs invading MoonClan's camp, and look at where that got her.

"That sounds great, Fernpaw." Frostpaw smiled, flicking her tail. "Listen, I've got to go for a border patrol. I think Willowtail's waiting for me right now. Talk when I get back?"

Fernpaw beamed. "Of course! Have fun!"

The white she-cat purred and bid her goodbyes before turning around and bounding to her mentor, who was waiting for her at the entrance. A small flicker of uneasiness flashed through Frostpaw when she spotted Leafsong on the patrol, along with Skypaw.

Great.

Leafsong acknowledged Frostpaw coldly. "You're late."

"So is our patrol leader," Willowtail cut in. "We're still waiting on

Rockfur, yes?"

Leafsong scowled, and Frostpaw shuffled to her mentor's side. "Why's Leafsong always so mad at me?"

"Ignore her," the tortoiseshell whispered back. "She just doesn't like cats with different backgrounds as her. She feels superior as a wild-raised, MoonClan cat."

Oh. Maybe that's why Skypaw doesn't like me, too.

Before long, Rockfur ducked out of the warriors den and padded towards them, nodding in greeting. "Let's go." He led the way out, before glancing back at Frostpaw. "Willowtail, I assume Frostpaw knows how to climb trees?"

Willowtail nodded. "We worked on it a little yesterday. We'll take up the rear of the patrol."

Rockfur nodded, and scaled up, Leafsong right on his tail. Cherryheart beckoned to her apprentice and jumped up after them; Skypaw threw a superior look at Frostpaw before following the ginger she-cat, leaving the white she-cat and the tortoiseshell.

"You can go first, Frostpaw," Willowtail offered. "Then I might be able to catch you if you fall. Remember, *don't look down*."

The white she-cat nodded, determined to prove... well, something. She supposed she just didn't want Skypaw to think that she was inferior just because she lived as a kittypet. Unsheathing her claws, she dug them into the trunk and pulled herself up.

The journey was tedious and slow. The pair were so far behind they couldn't even see the patrol anymore. But Willowtail was patient, coaxing Frostpaw gently from branch to branch, giving her tips and tricks. When they finally neared their destination, the heavy scent of fish traveled onto the white she-cat's tongue, making her recoil and her pelt fluff with dislike.

Her pricked ears caught angry voices as well, as though in argument. She glanced over, confused, at Willowtail, and her mentor sighed.

"Let's go see what's going on."

Frostpaw nodded, following the tortoiseshell to what she learned yesterday was WaterClan's border. There, the MoonClan patrol stood on one side, and a group of cats, who she assumed was WaterClan's patrol - consisting of a silver she-cat, tortoiseshell, closely flanked by a gray-furred apprentice, and a brown tom - marked the other. Both patrols had their pelts bristled and lips pulled back into a snarl, shouting and growling at each other.

Willowtail led the way, dropping lightly down from the tree before Frostpaw scrambled after her. "What's going on?"

At the sound of her voice, the silver she-cat whipped her head around, green eyes glittering with fury. "What's going on, Willowtail, is that your *Clan*"- her voice was full of spite, a sneer, emphasizing the last word -"was trespassing on *our* land."

"Was not!" Leafsong objected with a lash of her tail. "We were marking our side of the border!"

"The border starts over there!" the brown tom growled, indicating to the tree Frostpaw had dropped out of. "This is still WaterClan's land!"

"Now, if I may interrupt," Rockfur meowed, "I do believe that-"

"Don't get me started on you, too!" the silver she-cat interrupted angrily.

Frostpaw watched, stunned. *What's going on?* The silver cat seemed especially furious, even more than her other Clanmates. *What is this? And how can she speak to a Clan deputy like that?*

But Rockfur didn't tell her off, simply stared at her with narrowed eyes.

"Calm down, now, Minnowfrost." The WaterClan tortoiseshell finally spoke, touching her tail-tip to her Clanmate's shoulder, avoiding all eye contact with the MoonClan cats. "We're wasting our breath trying to reason with them."

Minnowfrost lashed her tail. "I'm not trying to reason with them, Pebbleheart! I just don't understand how they can be such *backstabbers*."

"Backstabbers?" Frostpaw echoed softly, though no cat paid her much attention. What was Minnowfrost on about? The white she-cat's head was spinning, not quite able to keep up with the conversation or the rivalry deeply rooted within it.

"And you should be angry, too! You have every right, if not more than me!" Minnowfrost mewed, her voice pitched with fury. "You *know* what MoonClan did to my mom, what they did to you, to *our Clan*!"

"Enough of that," Rockfur cut in, his voice stiff. "We will not be continuing this subject any further. As I was saying, this strip of land has been MoonClan's since the Clash of the Clans, and will remain so. If there's an issue with this, Troutstar can always bring it up to Swiftstar at the Gathering. Be certain that this incident will be mentioned by us."

Minnowfrost lashed her tail, glaring at Rockfur through slit green eyes. "We'll be mentioning a lot of things at the Gathering, though I bet you know *all about it*, don't you?"

The MoonClan deputy stiffened, before flicking his ears, a small snarl etched onto his face for the first time. "This conversation will not be continued. Stay on your side of the border." With that, he flicked his tail, leading the patrol away.

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Word Count: 1047

[Edited]

Hello!! Any thoughts on this chapter? Any ideas as to what Minnowfrost may be referencing? I completely forgot whether I put something like this in my older versions, but if I did, then perhaps my readers from then will know! Anyway, it would be amazing if you voted, I'd really appreciate it!!
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Have a fabulous day/night :)

chapter 14

By the time the patrol returned to camp, Frostpaw had millions of questions flying through her head. It was clear that there was deep tension between the two Clans, along with an unspoken secret that every cat except for her seemed to know about.

"Go and get something to eat," Willowtail offered. "We'll do some training later."

Nodding her head in acknowledgement, the white she-cat ducked away to the prey pile, where she selected a vole.

"Frostpaw! Over here!" Fernpaw called, waving her tail and beckoning the white she-cat over. She was sitting with a bengal she-cat, sharing a shrew. Frostpaw trotted over cheerfully, passing a smile to the bengal as she plopped herself down beside Fernpaw.

"Hey! I'm Frostpaw."

The bengal offered her a cheerful beam. "I'm Fawnpaw! It's so nice to finally meet you!"

Frostpaw let out a soft purr as the apprentices dove into a conversation about their favorite prey. The white she-cat's ears twitched, about to chime in with her opinion, when her vision suddenly blanked.

"No!"

A shriek pierced the air, traveling past the heavy barriers of the bushes and trees. Within all that, inside the clearing, a gray tom lay dead. Blood matted his fur, his blue-green eyes, which once used to be full of life, was blank. His jaws were parted, legs bent in an odd position, stomach ripped and guts spilled.

The murder of a collision with a monster.

"No! Oh, please, StarClan, no..." The voice of a mourning she-cat

shrilled through the clearing, but there was nothing that could be done.

Frostpaw blinked, shaking her head wildly. Another vision. That's... odd. She'd been trying to convince herself that her dreams were 'just a bad dream', but how could she get one of those when she was *awake*?

"Frostpaw? You okay?" Fawnpaw prompted, amber eyes flashing with concern. "You look like you've just seen a ghost."

"I'm fine," the white she-cat assured. "It's nothing." *I feel like I've seen that gray tom somewhere...*

"Fawnpaw!" Skypaw's voice startled Frostpaw, making her jump; moments later, her sister appeared besides them, giving everyone a nod of greeting except the white she-cat, ignoring her completely.

"Hey, Skypaw!" Fawnpaw gave her a friendly smile. "Want to sit? We were just arguing for the best prey, and I know you're an avid vole fan, so I thought maybe you and I could team up!"

Skypaw chuckled. "That sounds fun, but... would you mind coming over there with me for a second? I've got something I need to tell you."

Frostpaw scowled, glaring straight up at her sister. It was obvious that Skypaw was doing this to avoid her, but why? Truly, what had she done to the gray tabby?

Fawnpaw shot Frostpaw an apologetic glance and scrambled to her paws, nodding. "Sure. I'll see you guys later." And with that, the pair padded away.

Fernpaw stared after them. "Your sister's a real character, Frostpaw."

The white she-cat scoffed. "I've only been here for a day, and believe me, I know." She flicked her tail in thought. "I just wonder if there's anything I can do... perhaps I could talk to her."

"I've known Skypaw my whole life. There's no way she's going to open up to you that quick," Fernpaw objected. "Try asking

Fawnpaw, maybe. They're best friends, and if any cat's going to know what's wrong, Fawnpaw will."

"Okay." Frostpaw gazed at the pair, laughing and joking together across the camp, and she couldn't help but feel that she'd be invading Skypaw's privacy if she brought this topic up to Fawnpaw. "Maybe."

She shook out her pelt, turning back to the dark gray she-cat, and plastering a smile onto her face. Reaching MoonClan was only supposed to make her life easier. So far, if anything, it was harder. At least in the Twolegplace, Frostpaw shared an agreed relationship with the kittypets that neither party wanted to interact with each other; here, though, Skypaw was her *sister*! Of course she wanted them to get along.

She just couldn't figure out why Skypaw didn't.

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Frostpaw hissed in frustration, slamming her paws down on empty ground, scrambling to her feet, tail lashing. She'd just missed yet another catch, and didn't want to turn and see her mentor's disappointed gaze.

"Okay, so hunting's not really your thing. That's okay, it's hard." Willowtail appeared from the bushes where she was hiding, flicking a leaf off her pelt with her tail. "Let's try fighting instead. Here, I'll show you the duck and roll."

Frostpaw nodded, not feeling much inspiration seeing as how well she did on hunting. *What kind of Clan cat am I?* Irritation buzzed through her, but she pushed it aside, watching as the tortoiseshell demonstrated the move then instructed for her to try.

"Okay, now I'm going to run at you. Duck and roll away." With that, Willowtail charged.

Frostpaw sucked in a breath and let her instincts take over. She threw herself under Willowtail's extended paws and tucked into a ball, rolling away before pushing upwards again, ready to fight.
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Her mentor's eyes glimmered with approval. "Very good," she praised. "You're a natural! Alright, let's try another move."

So they spent the afternoon like that, practicing tactic after tactic, until Frostpaw's white pelt had turned brown from the dust and she was panting from the work, belly growling for food.

"We should head back to camp now," Willowtail offered with a chuckle, her tortoiseshell fur matted too. The sun was setting, turning the sky golden. "I think you're on tick duty."

"Tick duty?" Frostpaw muttered with a wrinkled nose in protest.

Willowtail's whiskers twitched with amusement. "It's a part of the apprentice experience. I wouldn't want you to miss it." Her tone was teasing as she led the way back to camp, Frostpaw feeling just a little more sure about jumping from tree to tree.

"Oh, there you are!" It was Whitefang's voice that greeted the pair as they returned to camp. "Willowtail, Swiftstar wants to talk to you about what happened at the border today. The entire patrol's in her den already. Frostpaw, Skypaw's waiting for you at the elder's den. Here, I'll walk you over."

A quick scatter of goodbyes were exchanged as the two headed off, Whitefang padding after Frostpaw. "So, uh, what *did* happen at the border?"

The white she-cat shook out her pelt. "WaterClan said a strip of land was theirs when it was clearly ours. Then, there were a whole bunch of threats tossed around, about how WaterClan was going to 'bring something up' at the next Gathering."

Whitefang's eyes narrowed. "That's not good."

Frostpaw flicked her tail. "Why? What could they possibly bring up?"

Silence. "Tensions are very high between MoonClan and WaterClan at the moment," was Whitefang's only answer. Frostpaw could tell she wasn't going to get any more information out of him.

The two stopped in front of the medicine den, where the white she-cat was going to pick up mouse bile. As she turned to do so, Whitefang stopped her, blinking at her for a long time, almost observing her, eyes starting to narrow.

"What?" Frostpaw questioned with an awkward shuffle of her paws.

Whitefang shook his head, snapping himself from his daze. "Nothing." A smile. "Just glad to finally have my daughter back."

Frostpaw returned the beam then, meowing a goodbye, slid into Redberry's den. She was so late. Skypaw was probably furious. Tonight was not a night Frostpaw was looking forward to.

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Word Count: 1202

[Edited]

Hi! How is everybody? I had a bit of a writer's block this chapter, since it's pretty much a filler, not many important things going on, other than some clues here and there! But, I still think it's important to show Frostpaw's training (at least some of it) since I predict I won't be writing about it too much. It's just boring for me, and I just wanted to use it to establish a few things, but that would probably be it! Anyway, this is still one of my longer chapters, even with the writer's block, which I found kind of funny.

Have a wonderful day/night :)
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chapter 15

Frostpaw practically sprinted into the medicine den, grabbed a stick with mouse bile, muttered a swift thank-you to Redberry, then bounded towards the elders den, where Skypaw was waiting, blue eyes glittering with annoyance.

"Figures you're late," the gray tabby sneered with a flick of her tail, turning around and ducking inside without another word.

Inside lay a gray she-cat with blue eyes and a brown tom.

"Hi Ivyfrost, Mousefoot." Skypaw addressed them each separately with a smile and a nod. "We're here to do your ticks. Sorry we're late. *Some of us* haven't quite adjusted to the Clan life of schedule and responsibility."

Frostpaw scowled; she opened her jaws for a sharp remark, but Ivyfrost cut in, ruffling her gray fur.

"Oh, it's perfectly fine, my dears. However, it'd be great if you could get started now."

The two wordlessly got to work. Frostpaw darted towards Mousefoot while Skypaw took Ivyfrost, looking through the elders' pelts for ticks, nose wrinkled at the mouse bile.

"Your mentor's Willowtail?"

Frostpaw glanced up, realizing that Mousefoot was speaking to her, before letting out a soft, "Mhm."

"Mousefoot!" Ivyfrost scolded, slapping the brown tom across the head with her tail. "Enough of that."

Mousefoot scowled. "What? I'm not doing anything wrong!"

"Yes, but you were about to," Ivyfrost retorted, ruffling her pelt, "and I'd much rather Frostpaw go on with her training *without*

negative thoughts of her mentor."

Skypaw rolled her eyes, unseen by the elders; even Frostpaw barely caught it, her mind lumbered in confusion. *Why would I have negative thoughts about Willowtail?*

"All I'm saying is, when I was a warrior, we never did anything like this."

"Oh for StarClan's sake, Mousefoot, it happened *while* you were a warrior!"

Frostpaw couldn't keep up with the elders' conversation without context. On one paw, she wanted to drop the stick and ask about it, but on the other she just wished to get this task done with and get to sleep.

Mousefoot grumbled. "I know. You know, I supported Swiftstar over Rockfur. Until *that*. Maybe it would've been better if Sunstar chose Rockfur as his deputy instead. I mean, Swiftstar picked Rockfur as her deputy anyway, so he's going to become leader sooner or later. Might as well make it sooner."

"*Mousefoot!*" Ivyfrost hissed in scolding. "Not in front of the apprentices!" The elders shared a look, and Frostpaw was very certain what it meant: Swiftstar was Skypaw and Frostpaw's kin, it wouldn't do the elders good to talk bad about the leader.

Finally, Frostpaw picked every tick off of Mousefoot's pelt and stood up, bidding them goodnight and ducking out of the den, Skypaw heading out after her. The gray tabby's blue gaze was frosty as they padded to the medicine den; just as the white she-cat was about to enter, Skypaw stopped her.

"Now look at what you did."

Frostpaw turned around, features drawn in confusion. "What?"

Skypaw barked a laugh. "You know what! The whole conversation in the elders den was brought up *because of you*! All that stuff they said about Swiftstar came up because of you!"

"Me?" Frostpaw ruffled her pelt. "I was just cleaning the ticks off! I wasn't *trying* to get Mousefoot to spill his feelings on the fact that he'd rather have Rockfur as a leader!" Speaking of which, she still had no idea what the elders were referencing, but now wasn't the time to ask.

The gray tabby rolled her eyes. "Typical. Just typical. Can't own up to anything, huh?" A sneer formed on Skypaw's face. "Really, why can't you just stay in the Twolegplace? What was wrong there? Not enough food? Shelter? Did you not have enough time during the day to nap under the sun?"

Frostpaw lashed her tail. "I don't understand what I did to make you hate me so much!"

Skypaw scoffed, bumping past Frostpaw roughly into the den. Fury wound up inside the white she-cat as she grabbed her stick of mouse bile, whipping around, about to go give her sister a piece of her mind, when she decided it'd be no good if they were both mad. Two deep breaths later, still fuming but more calm, Frostpaw followed Skypaw into the medicine den.

Stormpaw was curled up in his nest, asleep; Redberry poked her head out from the herb cave in the back, passing the sisters a smile when she saw who they were. The two dropped off their supplies, but instead of heading back out, Skypaw turned to Stormpaw's nest and gave him a rough poke, waking him up.

"Hey."

The gray-and-white tom started awake with a snore, eyes flying open. "Huh? What's going on? Are we under attack?"

Skypaw rolled her eyes. "No, mousebrain. Listen, Dad told me that Mom wants a little family walk tomorrow at sunhigh, for"- the next words rolled off her tongue like bile -"*family bonding.*"

Stormpaw blinked, confused. "I know. You already told me. Why did you-? Oh." He paused when he spotted Frostpaw standing behind the pair, shooting Skypaw a look before meowing, "Frostpaw, Mom wants us to have a family bonding walk tomorrow

at sunhigh. You in?"

"Sure," Frostpaw mewed, then added with a joking laugh, "Doesn't sound like I have much of a choice, anyway."

Stormpaw grinned. "Hey, look at how quick you're learning! It's like you were never away."

Skypaw's eyes flashed with irritation at those words, spinning around and storming out, but Frostpaw chuckled, murmuring a goodnight before following the gray tabby.

Skypaw was already up the tree of the apprentices den by the time Frostpaw reached it. The white she-cat stared up at it, flexing her paws. Out of all the things about MoonClan, this was definitely one of her least favorites. The fact that she had to climb up a tree to reach their den.

Frostpaw wasn't confident about her climbing skills quite yet, but she hoped it'd come with time. After all, every MoonClan cat could climb trees like it was second nature to them.

When she finally hauled herself up and crawled into the den, she began making her way to her nest, all the way at the end; suddenly, she felt her paws fly out from beneath her, making her crash onto the ground with a hiss of pain.

That awakened all the apprentices.

"What's going on? Frostpaw?" Fernpaw's mew was groggy as she lifted her head, eyes sleepy.

Frostpaw glared back to look at what had tripped her, when she saw Skypaw slowly draw her leg back into her nest with a small smirk, eyes closed, as though she'd been sleeping the entire time. Anger rushed through the white she-cat, but she turned and gave her friend a small smile.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just fell."

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Word Count: 1085

[Edited]

chapter 16

The next morning, Frostpaw was woken up by a poke from Fernpaw. Early light was spilling into the den as the white she-cat was roused, her friend's dark green eyes greeting her as the first sight she saw.

"Come on," Fernpaw whispered. "We're on dawn patrol."

Frostpaw let out a soft groan. Late night ticks and dawn patrol. What could be better? She heaved herself to her paws, feeling a wave of exhaustion crash over her as she followed the gray she-cat out of the apprentices den and down the tree.

In the clearing, the patrol, consisting of a brown tom named Eagleheart and his apprentice, Heatherpaw, who Frostpaw had yet to meet; Fernpaw's mom, Cottonfur, a white she-cat with a neatly patterned tail of brown and black; Whitefang, and, of course, Willowtail.

Surprisingly, Snowmist and her kits were out, too. The white queen was cooing over Dewkit, who had opened his eyes, excitement and adrenaline rushing through him, eager to explore the camp. Snowmist's eyes were lit up in joy, nudging him whenever he seemed to fall to help him stand upright.

As Frostpaw's eyes traveled to the side, she spotted Echokit; the cream-colored she-kit's eyes were laden with exhaustion, stumbling as she tried keeping up with her mother and brother, wanting nothing more than to sleep. It was clear that she wasn't fully awake and ready, and Snowmist had ushered them out for the benefit of Dewkit. Echokit was glancing around for her mother, mewling in distress when Snowmist was nowhere to be found. The white-furred queen had wandered off with Dewkit, helping him in his walking journey.

Sympathy for Echokit flashed through Frostpaw and she glanced around, trying to find Birdflight, the other queen, to bring Echokit

back to the nursery. But - duh - it was dawn, and Birdflight and her kits were still inside the den sleeping.

"Hey, Fernpaw?" Frostpaw caught her friend's attention with a light tap with her tail. "I'm going to help Echokit real quick."

Fernpaw followed Frostpaw's gaze to the cream-colored kit. Understanding flooded her eyes as she nodded. "Sure. I'll tell Willowtail."

The two parted ways, and the white she-cat darted towards Echokit, before halting. What was she supposed to do? She'd never interacted with a kit before.

"Um, hi," Frostpaw tried, before scolding herself immediately. *Mousebrain! She can't even talk yet!* Instead, she crouched down, brushing her muzzle against Echokit's pelt. At her touch, the cream-colored kit leaned into her instantly, letting out a little purr of content at the feeling. Frostpaw's pelt pricked with surprise that it worked, staring down as the kit started curling into her, ready to go to sleep.

"Oh, Frostpaw!" Snowmist's voice made the white apprentice glance up and behind her, where the queen was standing with Dewkit. "Could you bring Echokit back into the nursery? Dewkit's just like his father - so adventurous! I'll get to Echokit once he's done."

A small frown covered Frostpaw's face, but she wiped it away quickly. *Dewkit looks very energized. He's not going to be tired out for a while. It'll take ages for Snowmist to return to the nursery.* But, what could she do but nod? Leaning down, the white she-cat picked Echokit up by the scruff, carrying her towards the nursery. Echokit mewed in protest.

"Sorry," Frostpaw replied, voice muffled. "Snowmist says you need to go back into the nursery. I think you'll like it better, anyway."

She ducked inside, careful to keep her paw steps light to not wake up Birdflight and her kits, reaching Snowmist's nest and setting Echokit inside. The cream kit's paws flailed blindly, trying to find comfort. Quickly, Frostpaw grabbed some moss and tucked it

around her, hoping it would help. It did; moments later, Echokit's belly was rising and falling softly in sleep.

Slipping outside, the white she-cat couldn't help that another frown slid onto her face. It just seemed as though Snowmist was neglecting Echokit. Sure, Echokit didn't resemble the queen's dead mate, but she still deserved attention, didn't she?

Frostpaw bounded over to Willowtail, murmured a quick apology, and the patrol set off. However, the white she-cat's mind was still whirling. She just couldn't shake the feeling of pity for the cream-colored kit. Sighing, Frostpaw shook out her pelt, redirecting her brain to focus on the border patrol.

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The patrol, one of GrassClan's borders, was pretty uneventful. Frostpaw met Heatherpaw, who Fernpaw informed her was going to become a warrior soon. Heatherpaw seemed to be very kind, welcoming the white she-cat with a bright smile, and an offer to come to her anytime she needed help.

By the time they got back, the camp was up. Cats flooded the clearing, chattering with one another, as Rockfur stood up at the Highledge, distributing orders for patrols. Sure enough, Snowmist and Dewkit were still exploring.

"Get something to eat." Willowtail's instructions brought the white she-cat's attention back to the patrol. "We'll do some hunting practice later in the morning, but I want you to have the afternoon off so you can rest up for tonight's Gathering."

Gathering? Frostpaw's pelt pricked with excitement. Fernpaw had told her all about it, and how she would get to meet cats from other Clans! It sounded fun, to say the least.

Catching her apprentice's excitement, Willowtail passed her a soft smile before meowing, "I know how you feel. I was really excited before my first Gathering, too. Now, go get some food."

Frostpaw dipped her head and turned around, but before she could
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make it to the prey pile, Whitefang called her back. "Skypaw did tell you about the walk, right?" When the white she-cat nodded, her father flicked his tail. "Good. Your mother's really looking forward to this. Family bonding time."

His voice was cheerful enough, but Frostpaw couldn't help but notice an amount of stiffness and awkwardness to it, almost like it was forced. She was probably overreacting, though. It *would* be awkward, wouldn't it, from Whitefang's position? To bond with a kit he thought was dead? It was like they were strangers.

"I'm looking forward to it too," Frostpaw offered. Sort of. She definitely would like to bond with Stormpaw, Feathermist, and Whitefang. Skypaw, on the other paw...

"Good. Well, I'll see you later." Before Whitefang left, though, he squinted at her, green gaze flashing with... confusion? Catching Frostpaw's puzzled look, he gave her another small smile before turning around and padding away.

The white she-cat sighed, mind whirling. Too much was happening. All she wanted was to go have a meal with Fernpaw. And that was what she did.

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Word Count: 1076

[Edited]

Hi!! With this chapter, I wanted to give a shoutout to dreamcloudofstarclan! She was my first ever reader, and without her support, I probably wouldn't have gone through with completing the book! Her account is now District3Tribute, and I highly recommend giving her a follow, as she's writing new & amazing books!!

Have an amazing day/night :)
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chapter 17

The family bonding walk had gone pretty well. Skypaw kept to herself most of the time, offering fake, kind interactions with Frostpaw to keep her parents satisfied, and the white she-cat had grown a lot closer with Stormpaw. He was warming up to her, that much she could tell.

With her parents, there hadn't ever been bumps, but she started noticing Feathermist doing this weird thing. The gray-and-white she-cat would gush about how happy she was to have Frostpaw home, then her blue eyes would flash with sadness, as though conjuring a memory, then fall quiet. Whitefang would lick his mate's ears and give Frostpaw a reassuring smile, the same routine they'd had when the white she-cat first arrived at MoonClan. Only this time, his green eyes were troubled, too. Could it possibly be the same thing? Or something different? Frostpaw had no clue.

It's probably nothing.

Now back home, the white she-cat dragged herself to her nest. She was tired, from dawn patrol, hunting training (which she still sucked at), and the walk. Her body had yet to adjust to the warrior life. Curling up inside her nest, it wasn't long before sleep captured her.

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"I'm glad to see that you're settling in so well."

"Thank you." Frostpaw flicked her ears. "Is there something else you wanted to share with me? Surely you didn't pull me into this dream just to give me congratulations?"

Sunstar sucked in a breath. "You're right. Listen, Frostpaw, remember how I told you that there was going to be something dark in the Clans' future, and I wanted as many cats as possible to be able to assist MoonClan?"
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When the white she-cat nodded, the ginger tom shook out his pelt and continued, "Well, I've been looking into it. Digging into a lot of memories, both of myself and others, plus analyzing the glimpses of the future we receive again and again. I don't know how Flurrybreeze does it."

"Oh yeah." Frostpaw's ears pricked, remembering what Swiftstar had told her. "Why *are* you now in charge of the dreams and visions instead of Flurrybreeze?"

Sunstar looked uncomfortable. "Because I guess you could say, in a way, the dark future would be a ripple effect from my actions. At least, that's what StarClan believes." When Frostpaw opened her jaws to ask why, the ginger tom cut her off. "Another story for another time. Point is, I've been... researching, per say, all of this, and I found something... interesting. You, Frostpaw, are connected to all of this."

"*What?*" The white she-cat's pelt bristled. "How? I'm just another MoonClan apprentice! Plus, I used to be a kittypet!"

Sunstar blinked at her kindly. "It wasn't any of your actions," he explained. "As soon as you were born, you were tied to this whole mess. I have my guess as to why, but"- the ginger tom flicked Frostpaw's question away firmly -"you're not ready to hear them yet."

The white she-cat's jaws gaped open. "What do you mean? I don't-"

"You'll learn with time," Sunstar meowed firmly.

"Is this why you keep sending me visions?" Frostpaw demanded, feeling her pelt prick with frustration. "Why can't you just tell me what you're trying to show?"

"Too much to say, not sure if I'd tell the story right. Not sure if I'd give both sides of the tale justice." Sunstar passed her a light smile. "Easier to give you the dreams and let you make your own decision on who's the hero and who's the villain."

Frostpaw's ears perked as she recognized the hidden meaning

behind Sunstar's words. "Oh, surely if you're in StarClan, whatever you've done, they've forgiven you."

"Not necessarily." Sunstar looked as though he was about to say more, but Frostpaw found her vision blurring.

Am I waking up?

Sunstar looked momentarily confused before his ears pressed to the back of his head in distress. "Frostpaw, listen to me," he meowed quickly, voice panicked, "whatever you do, *do not*-"

Whatever the ginger tom was about to tell her drowned out, and Frostpaw found herself whisked away. But not into the apprentices den in MoonClan's camp like she'd expected, but rather a meadow.

It looked peaceful enough. Tall grass and beautiful flowers bloomed everywhere, dotting the terrain. A small creek ran by right where Frostpaw was standing, a shady forest off to her right, just barely visible. Though the white she-cat couldn't catch any smells of prey at the moment, she was certain that food here would be plentiful - or, at least enough that one wouldn't go starving.

But what struck Frostpaw as odd was the heavy cloud of mist hanging in the sky, blocking the sight of the sun, even though she could feel that it's still there.

A middle, almost. Between StarClan and the Dark Forest.

Just what would she be doing here?

The MoonClan apprentice's tail flicked, puzzled, as she gazed around, looking for the cat that may have pulled her into the dream. It wasn't long before she spotted him, a gray tom bounding from the forest over towards her.

Frostpaw's pelt pricked apprehensively as he approached, head tilted, looking confused as well. She studied him, feeling as though she'd seen him before somewhere. His eyes... They were so... unique. That was the only word to describe it, really. She felt as though she'd seen them somewhere, but couldn't quite place her paws on it. It was right at the tip of her tongue, yet so far away at

the same time.

"Hey." The gray tom spoke, slightly startling Frostpaw. "Are you...?"

"I'm so sorry, I don't quite know what's going on," the white she-cat rambled in apology. "I just... I was with Sunstar, and then suddenly-" She cut herself off, feeling her pelt burn with embarrassment. She didn't even know who this cat was. Why was she telling him the story?

"Sunstar, huh?" The tom flicked his tail. "Didn't know they let *him* into StarClan." His voice sounded spiteful, and Frostpaw's ears pricked upwards in curiosity.

"Oh? Is this StarClan?"

"No." The gray tom's voice was even angrier, tail lashing. "It's for cats who... Don't quite like StarClan, yet haven't done anything bad in life. The nonbelievers, I guess."

Frostpaw felt her tail stick up in the air. "Oh. That's..." She wanted to ask why, but the gray tom's eyes warned her against it. So, instead, she went with a friendlier question. "You were part of the Clans?"

"Mhm. I was a MoonClan warrior."

"That's so cool!" Frostpaw perked up at that. "I'm in MoonClan, too! My parents are Feathermist and Whitefang - maybe you know them!" She didn't know what possessed her to say that. For all she knew, this tom could've been dead for ages now.

But the gray tom nodded slowly. "Feathermist and Whitefang's kit, huh?" His eyes were unreadable. "Good to know they got their kit back."

"Oh, so you knew them!" Frostpaw chirped.

"Yeah, I sure knew them." There was something in the tom's voice that Frostpaw couldn't quite read, but it certainly wasn't... friendly.

Before anything else could be said, Sunstar appeared, eyes blazing.

"*Iceshade*! Just what do you think you're doing?"

Iceshade gazed up at the ginger tom coolly. "Oh, nothing. Just having a chat with *Feathermist and Whitefang's* kit." His ears twitched ever so slightly before continuing. "When were you going to tell me about the arrival of our newest Clanmate?"

Sunstar growled lightly. "Enough, Iceshade." Turning to the apprentice, he meowed, "Come on, Frostpaw, let's head back to StarClan."

"StarClan never did anything good for you!" Iceshade called after them, but he was ignored; moments later, Sunstar whisked them back to the terrain of the starry cats.

"Sorry about taking so long, Frostpaw," the ginger tom apologized, but Frostpaw had questions circling her mind.

"Who *was* that?" She frowned. "Did he have a grudge with my parents?"

Sunstar hesitated, before meowing firmly, "You'll find out later."

"What?" Frostpaw's ears pressed to her head. "Why? Why can't you tell me now?" She could feel frustration building up inside her, but the tom dismissed all her questions with a flick of his tail.

"It's time for you to wake up and go to your first Gathering, Frostpaw. Goodbye, I'll see you later."

And with that, the white she-cat snapped awake.

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Word Count: 1339

[Edited]

Hello!! Introduced a new character, hehe. Thoughts on him, and thoughts on the chapter in general? Voting is appreciated, as always!
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Have a wonderful day/night :)

chapter 18

"Hey, Mom?"

Frostpaw didn't miss the way Feathermist's eyes lit up at that. The way her ears pricked as though they were words she'd been waiting to hear her entire life, the way her head snapped in the white-furred apprentice's direction with a soft smile. "Yes, dear?"

"Could I ask you a question?"

The sun was just starting to set, and cats were piling into the clearing, gathering into clumps to chatter about the event that's occurring tonight or to see if they can quickly stuff down a piece of prey prior to leaving.

"Of course!" Feathermist agreed, climbing to her paws. "What's going on? Is everything okay? The Gathering patrol's just about ready to leave."

"I know, I just..." Sunstar said the answers would come to her in the future, and this was now the future. The ginger tom couldn't possibly have expected her to just wait around, right? "Did you know a cat named Iceshade?"

Feathermist stiffened. "What did you say?"

The white she-cat flicked her ears. So they *did* have a grudge.

"Iceshade," Frostpaw repeated nervously, curiosity overwhelming her. "Did you know him?"

"I... I did." Feathermist's voice was cautious. "Why do you ask?"

The white apprentice shuffled her paws. Should she tell her mother? Would Feathermist even believe her, if she told her it was from a dream? "No reason."

"Listen, Frostpaw," Feathermist mewed, voice lowered into a quick

whisper, "were the apprentices gossiping about this subject? I know that Heatherpaw and Jaypaw's father has got *quite* the mouth on him, that Robinclaw, and he's not shy about it too. If he's been saying stuff, and his kits have been passing it on to the other apprentices, I will not hesitate to go give Robinclaw a piece of my mind-"

"No, Mom," Frostpaw interrupted quickly. "No, no, it's not any of the apprentices' fault." She'd never seen Feathermist so agitated before. What *was* the story behind Iceshade?

The gray-and-white she-cat relaxed. "Good. Well, if any cat does bring up anything, just ignore them, alright? Oh, and don't mention Iceshade to some of these cats, they won't take it well." Her blue gaze glittered with concern. "Just to play it safe, try not bringing up Iceshade at all, okay?"

"Okay."

Feathermist beamed. "Good! Have fun at the Gathering. I'll see you when you get back." She gave her daughter's head a quick lick before padding to Whitefang to speak to him before he left with the patrol.

"Frostpaw!" Fernpaw's voice chirped, calling the white she-cat over to the entrance. "Come on, let's go! We're about to leave!"

Excitement burrowed through Frostpaw, momentarily putting a pause to all the questions she had and her spinning mind. "Okay, coming!" She sprinted towards her friend, feeling pure joy wash over her body. She was participating in something that was a tradition for wild-born Clan cats. She was finally *becoming* a Clan cat.

A small yelp escaped Frostpaw as she crashed into something in her run. "Sorry!" The white she-cat squinted open her eyes to see what it was she'd bumped into, instantly wishing she'd just kept them closed. Standing before her was Swiftstar.

"Sorry! *Sorry*!" Frostpaw's apologizes spew out of her after that, embarrassment burning through her for launching herself into the

leader. She could practically feel Skypaw's judging gaze on her; and, sure enough, glancing out of the corner of her eye, there stood the gray tabby, eyes flaring.

"I'm so sorry," the white she-cat mewed once more. "I was just so excited, I wasn't watching where I was going."

Swiftstar blinked once, before her expression turned cold. "I'm sure. It's certainly a big moment." Then she turned around and stalked away.

Frostpaw winced as she felt another wave of shame, but this time, with confusion. She'd been puzzled a lot recently, and here's one more thing to add. Swiftstar had been so nice to the white she-cat when she'd first arrived. Why was she being so icy now?

Probably because you bumped into her, Frostpaw told herself hotly. *Leaders don't particularly like to be crashed into by apprentices.* Shaking out her pelt, she padded over to Fernpaw, surprised to see that her friend's whiskers were twitching with amusement.

Before either cat could say anything, Skypaw padded past them, whispering a quick, "*Clumsy kittypet.*"

Frostpaw's pelt bristled instantly, but her sister had already disappeared in the crowd. Fernpaw touched her tail-tip to the white she-cat's shoulder, trying to calm her down. "She's trying to get a reaction out of you. Don't give her one. Focus on what you're looking forward to, like the Gathering."

Frostpaw took a deep breath. *Focus on the Gathering. The Gathering...*

"Now." Fernpaw broke the white she-cat's train of thought. "Let's go say goodbye to the other apprentices."

"Oh? Who's not going?"

"Blackpaw, Fawnpaw, Heatherpaw, and Skypaw."

The cluster of apprentices stood off to the side, its center being Stormpaw bragging about how he got to go to every Gathering, and not one, but *two*.

"It's one of the reasons I chose to become a medicine cat," the gray-and-white tom was declaring, followed by a quick, "Please don't tell Redberry I said that."

"Hey, guys." Fernpaw padded up to them, settling beside Jaypaw, a gray-blue tom who Frostpaw had little interaction with and met through Heatherpaw, who's his sister. "What's going on?"

"What's going on is we're talking about how *amazing* it is to be a medicine cat," Stormpaw drawled, earning himself a roll of the eyes from Skypaw.

"Okay, okay, we get it." It was clear the gray tabby was bitter.

Jaypaw shrugged. "Better luck next time at getting chosen, then," he mewed, before shifting into a brag. "Imagine not going to the Gathering *tonight*, though."

The apprentices burst into small laughter whilst Skypaw rolled her eyes again, and Fernpaw smacked Jaypaw's head with a small, warm, "Furball."

"It'll be okay, because you guys will fill us in on what happened, right?" Fawnpaw asked, her voice sweet. She was one of the oldest ones, but it was hard to remember that, as her smaller size and sweet personality making the apprentices feel a great wave of protectiveness towards her.

After a chorus of agreement ringing from the apprentices chosen and a yowl of departure from Swiftstar, they were off. A couple trees and a slippery log-bridge later, they were at the Gathering Island.

Groups upon groups of cats were crowded on the island, bustling with chatter. At the center, a tall tree stood, and three cats were already perched on separate branches.

"The leaders," Fernpaw informed, flicking her tail to point at each one. "Leafstar of GrassClan, Goldenstar of LightClan, and Troutstar of WaterClan."

Swiftstar ushered her patrol in, then jumped on top of the trees to

take her spot. She exchanged quick words of greeting with the leaders, then lashed her tail for attention.

"The Gathering will now begin!"

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Word Count: 1104

[Edited]

Hi! In re-writing this chapter, I've really noticed how uncreative my past self was. The description for the Gathering is like the exact same thing as in the cannon books, haha, but I'm still uncreative now and too lazy to change it & come up with something new. Also, for any old readers who've seen the version of Shooting Stars before this, you'll notice that I've changed SunClan to LightClan (which I may have mentioned earlier?) because of Sunstar's name. Didn't even realize it until my sister pointed it out & I was working on like Chapter 14 or something, and it'd be easier to switch out SunClan's name then Sunstar's.

Have a fabulous day/night :)
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chapter 19

Tension hung thick in the air. Frostpaw could feel it. The little looks that Swiftstar and Troutstar passed each other. The full-on glaring between MoonClan and WaterClan. The white she-cat spotted Minnowfrost within the WaterClan patrol, hissing at Leafsong, who'd accidently bumped into her.

"Goldenstar, would you like to begin?" Swiftstar asked, stepping back.

The three leaders gave their reports, each following pretty much the same format: prey running well, new apprentices, new warriors, new kits.

"We're having some trouble with our neighboring Clans," Troutstar meowed at the end of his speech. "We'll keep doing the right thing, protecting our borders and land, and we can only hope that the other Clan does the same."

Swiftstar's eyes were blazing as she stepped up to give her report. "MoonClan's doing well. Prey's running very nicely, with newleaf turning into greenleaf. I'm sure some of you remember the a Twoleg attack that was inflicted on us a while ago, resulting in the loss of our kits and death of our warriors. Well, I'm happy to announce that we have gained back some of what we'd loss. Our newest apprentice is Frostpaw, the lost daughter of Whitefang and Feathermist."

"Frostpaw! Frostpaw!"

Cheers rose up within the island, making the white she-cat dip her head and give her chest fur a couple of licks. She couldn't help but buzz with happiness.

"Snowmist has had two new kits, Dewkit and Echokit," Swiftstar continued, "and to finish off, I'd like to address a border issue too. My deputy has informed me that there was an argument over a strip

of land at the border?"

Troutstar nodded. "Indeed. It seems that your cats have crossed onto our land, claiming it as your own."

"Troutstar, that piece of land has been MoonClan's since the Clash of the Clans, as I'm certain you know," Swiftstar meowed in a snarky voice, referring to how MoonClan and GrassClan beat WaterClan and SunClan in the war, resulting in a great addition of land for them.

The gray tom's lips pulled into a snarl. "The treaty," he spat, "was that the piece of land would be MoonClan's for 50 moons. I believe that time is up. Perhaps," Troutstar added, "it's time to fight to take back what's ours."

Swiftstar's eyes narrowed. "Those who don't learn history are doomed to repeat it," she warned, hinting towards how the Clash of the Clans had turned out. "MoonClan's come out as victors before, and we will again."

"*Guys.*" Leafstar interrupted the two's bickering. The GrassClan leader's pelt was bristled, green eyes wide as she glanced from one leader to the other. "Don't you remember how the first Clash of the Clans turned out? We can't have another one!"

"That's rich coming from you, considering GrassClan's the one that started the Clash of the Clans in the first place," Troutstar snapped.

Leafstar glared at him. "Exactly! That's how I know how it can affect a Clan and the horrors that come with it! We should try to live in peace, not war."

"We can't live in peace as long as these cats are still around the lake," Troutstar insisted. "WaterClan and MoonClan's been at each other's throats for a long time now - maybe it's time that we finally end the battles by completely *eliminating* a Clan."

Swiftstar lifted her chin coldly. "Very well. It seems there just isn't enough room for four Clans around this lake."

Troutstar snarled. "Fine. But be warned that WaterClan will come

out as the victors of this war."

"We'll just see about that."

With those words, war had been declared. Frostpaw could feel Fernpaw tense up beside her, and an unspoken feeling of hatred had settled amongst the cats. Each cat was frozen, muscles bunched, as though daring the other to make the first move.

Frostpaw could hear Swiftstar's paw steps from all the way across the clearing. The MoonClan leader leaped off of the branch, yowling, "MoonClan, let's-"

Whatever she was going to say was interrupted by a piercing screech. "How *dare* you!"

Cats jumped to their paws, tail lashing, as a collective gasp of horror rose amongst them. Leafstar bolted to her paws and Goldenstar's ears pressed back in shock, but Troutstar watched the scene lazily.

Frostpaw lashed her tail as she attempted to get through the crowd with the other MoonClan cats, trying to reach their leader.

Craning her neck, she recognized Swiftstar's attacker as an old gray she-cat - an elder, most likely.

"MoonClan ruined my life!" the elder shrieked. "And to try and paint yourselves as the good guys in the story - oh, do you have no shame?"

"*Mother!*" Minnowfrost burst through the crowd, silver fur rippling with surprise as she rushed to grab the gray she-cat. At the same time, Rockfur jumped in, and together, the two hauled WaterClan's elder off of Swiftstar.

MoonClan's leader rose with pure fury blazing in her blue gaze. "Just *what* did you think you were-"

"Oh, get *off* me, Minnowfrost!" the gray she-cat demanded, shaking her daughter off. She paid no attention to Swiftstar's words, instead spinning around to fix Rockfur with a glare, yowling, "And *you*! Get

your mangy paws off me, you no good, lousy excuse for a-"

"Troutstar!" Swiftstar interrupted, lashing her tail. "Control your cats, please!"

It was only then that Troutstar pushed himself up, meowing, "WaterClan, we're leaving. Otterfur, please lead us out."

"Come on, Mother," Minnowfrost urged softly. "Let's get going."

Rockfur's face twisted into a sneer of dislike as he meowed, "Goodbye, *Fernstream*."

The gray elder's shoulders tensed instantly, and with a furious yowl, she whipped around and attempted launching herself at MoonClan's deputy, but Minnowfrost held her back, fixing her green gaze of hate on Rockfur.

"Mother." At Minnowfrost's gentle push, the gray she-cat turned around again, padding towards WaterClan's patrol. But not before she swept her eyes around the cats that were staring at her, meeting Frostpaw's gaze.

The white she-cat felt a gasp of shock rise through her, taking a step back and bumping straight into Fernpaw. But she didn't have the time to apologize. Her jaws were open, a small tremble running through her body.

Amber eyes. The WaterClan elder had amber eyes. Amber eyes and gray fur.

Though she was older, it was undoubtable. Fernstream was the gray she-cat Frostpaw had seen in her visions.

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Word Count: 1023

[Edited]

Thoughts? Certainly quite a bit happening in this chapter, though I'm not quite sure how I feel about the writing in it. May or may not
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go back to fix it later. Please vote & comment! Let me know what you think!! Feedback is always appreciated!

Have an amazing day/night :)

chapter 20

Frostpaw couldn't move, didn't move, not until she heard Swiftstar's call for MoonClan and felt Fernpaw's gentle nudge.

Fernstream was the gray she-cat in her dream. The one in which the tom whose view Frostpaw had told her to return to the Clans, leaving her heartbroken.

Questions swarmed her brain. *Who was that tom? What happened to the kits Fernstream had? Is Minnowfrost one of them?*

There was certainly history that Frostpaw had missed. History that may be important to know.

Padding over towards Swiftstar, Frostpaw caught sight of Rockfur from the corner of her eye. She still felt confused by the deputy's last actions towards Fernstream, wondering why Rockfur's words affected the gray she-cat so much. Now here was another question.

Rockfur's back was facing Frostpaw, but she saw his ears pinned to the back of his head, pelt bristled, tail lashing. He was speaking with Troutstar; the two seemed to be in an argument of some sort. About what had just happened, maybe? At this, she felt a burst of pride. Rockfur was a great cat, having that conversation with Troutstar about keeping his cats under control.

"Rockfur!" Swiftstar called to her deputy. "Come, it's time to go."

The gray tom spun around, bounding towards his Clan. Frostpaw caught Swiftstar's soft whisper of, "What did Troutstar want?" before the conversation was whisked away from her ears.

The white she-cat's tail-tip twitched with anxiety as she focused her mind on the war. Fernpaw's pelt brushed against Frostpaw's the entire time on the way home; she was clearly distraught as well.

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It was moonhigh by the time the patrol reached camp, but Frostpaw was certain that the apprentices would still be awake, ready to hear the story.

It wasn't a story that she was eager to share, though.

Every cat was tense, on edge.

Stormpaw trudged to the medicine den with Redberry as the warriors began to file into their den. Swiftstar and Rockfur padded into the leader's den as the apprentices started to head over to their tree.

Fernpaw's muscles were tensed; Frostpaw could feel them the entire walk home, the two pressed against each other for comfort. The white she-cat's eyes were pinned onto her paws, feeling her tail-tip twitch nervously back and forth, and for the first time Frostpaw had met him, Jaypaw's cockiness had melted away, leaving a troubled blue gaze.

"We'll be fine, guys," Fernpaw meowed, trying to brighten the mood. "Come on, WaterClan will back out of this soon. They won't want another war with us, not after we beat them so badly in the last one."

"I don't know, Fernpaw," Jaypaw replied. "Troutstar seemed pretty confident."

"Just a boast. He wouldn't actually go through with it."

Frostpaw didn't join in on the conversation. She had nothing positive to add. She didn't want to tell Fernpaw that the only reason she came to MoonClan in the first place was because Sunstar had sighted something dark in the future - surely this was it.

Anxiety had settled into Frostpaw's stomach as the three scaled up the tree, greeted with the wide-awake gazes of their friends.

"So?" Blackpaw prompted with a happy whisk of his tail. "How was your first Gathering, Frostpaw?"

"Uh..." Frostpaw trailed off, figuring out a way to deliver the news

gently. "It was-"

"We're at war," Jaypaw cut in, curling up in his nest, earning himself a smack on the head from Fernpaw.

The four apprentices' pelts bristled in shock, questions pouring out of them instantly.

"What? How could this be?" Fawnpaw's voice quivered above the rest, her large amber eyes wide with fear. "I don't understand."

"Swiftstar brought up the border issue with Troutstar," Jaypaw explained, "and then Troutstar declared war."

"Over a *border*?" Skypaw's voice was spiteful. "How sensitive does he have to be for that?"

"That's what I don't understand, either," Frostpaw chimed in, earning a roll of the eyes from Skypaw. "Why *would* Troutstar declare war over the border? Surely there would be a more peaceful way to solve this?" She gazed around. "There must be some history that I'm missing here!"

The six apprentices exchanged glances.

"I'm not sure, if I'm being honest," Fernpaw meowed carefully. "If there is history, it's certainly unknown to me."

"Oh, what do you mean?" Skypaw demanded with another roll of her eyes. "Every cat knows this! After the Clash of the Clans, MoonClan and WaterClan never got along well! There was always some unspoken tension between the two!"

"Yes, but after Rockfur was promoted to deputy, everything went more smoothly," Heatherpaw cut in. "He and Troutstar were always pretty close, remember?" After this, she sent an apologetic look in Fernpaw and Blackpaw's way, but the two ignored it; instead their eyes fixed onto their paws.

Frostpaw didn't see this, her mind wrapped up in what Heatherpaw had just said. Could that be why Rockfur was speaking with Troutstar after the Gathering?

"If Rockfur was the leader," Jaypaw meowed, "I bet we wouldn't be at war. He and Troutstar would've figured out some way to make up and erase the feud. But, since I guess he's only the deputy, Swiftstar has more of a say in this topic."

"Wait, hold up," Frostpaw spoke, not spotting Fernpaw and Blackpaw's uncomfortableness or noticing the sensitivity of the subject, "Rockfur and Troutstar are close? Why?"

"Frostpaw," Heatherpaw tried to intercept, but Fernpaw interrupted her.

"Because Troutstar's my uncle."

Shock flickered throughout Frostpaw at those words. "*What?*"

"Troutstar-" Fernpaw took a deep breath. "He's my- our"- she glanced at Blackpaw -"uncle. Rockfur... he's our dad, right? He and Troutstar are brothers."

"Fernpaw, you don't have to-"

Frostpaw was interrupted by a firm flick of the tail from Blackpaw. "No, no, it's quite alright. I guess history is history, right? Covering it up doesn't change anything."

Fernpaw gave her an assuring smile. "As I was saying, Dad was born in WaterClan in a little of four: him, Troutstar, and two others. He finished his apprenticeship in WaterClan, then came to join MoonClan as a young warrior. Because of Mom, actually."

"I know it sounds cheesy, one of those forbidden relationship things," Blackpaw added, "but... I don't know, kind of glad it happened. Otherwise we wouldn't exist." The black tom whisked his tail, before adding, "He also had family issues, I think. Never told us what they were, though. Anyways, he's doing fine here." A look of defensiveness had washed over Blackpaw's face. "Deputy of MoonClan and all. And he stayed close with Troutstar. But I guess not anymore."

Frostpaw nodded gently. "We should go to sleep. I'm sorry for asking."

"No, it's alright," Fernpaw assured her as the apprentices began to climb into their nests, a tentative silence hanging over them. "Don't worry about it."

Frostpaw took a deep breath, curling up inside her nest. She'd made another discovery.

It added up. It just did. Rockfur's birth Clan. Fernstream and Minnowfrost's reaction to Rockfur. The number of kits Fernstream had in Frostpaw's dream, and the number of littermates Rockfur has.

Rockfur is Fernstream's kit.

So if three out of the four are Rockfur, Troutstar, and Minnowfrost... Well, that left one more question in Frostpaw's brain.

Who's the last kit?

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Word Count: 1155

[Edited]

Hello, hello, hello! Lots of information revealed here, huh? Have any guesses or predictions? If so, be sure to let me know!! If you would like to, a vote would be very much appreciated! Thanks for reading!

Have a lovely day/night :)
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chapter 21

The next day, every cat was tense.

Swiftstar called a Clan meeting to announce the war, but there was no need. Gossip spread quickly; no cat got a wink of sleep, talking about or worrying over the future.

"We will do all that we can to come out of this war safely and victoriously," Swiftstar announced. "Tension with WaterClan has been here for moons, and it just so happens that it broke right now. The war with WaterClan was unavoidable, but since fate has chosen to have us participate in it, we will do all that we can to go through the war safely and come out victorious."

"*'The war with WarClan was unavoidable'*."

The mocking sound came from behind Frostpaw, the white she-cat's muscles tensing instantly. Turning around, her eyes landed on Robinclaw, Heatherpaw and Jaypaw's father. She already had slight dislike towards him due to Feathermist's previous words, and this certainly didn't help his case at all.

Feathermist, who was sitting next to Frostpaw, spun around, blue eyes blazing in defense for her sister. "What are you saying?"

Robinclaw eyed the gray-and-white she-cat idly. "Nothing. Just that Swiftstar's spilling a lot of mouse-dung."

Feathermist lashed her tail. "Care to elaborate?"

The MoonClan leader had already dismissed the meeting, and cats were sending curious looks towards them. Whitefang brushed against Feathermist lightly, green eyes sparkling with worry, whispering, "Maybe this isn't the best-"

"No, no, let him explain," Feathermist snarled. "I'd love to hear what he has to say about my sister."

Robinclaw flicked his ears. "No need to get so hostile," he meowed coldly. "All I'm saying is that if Rockfur were the leader, we wouldn't have this issue because he would've fixed it up with Troutstar. Geez, no need to get so angry."

But this only upped Feathermist's fury. "Oh really? You think Rockfur can do better? Well then, let me ask you, why did Sunstar choose Swiftstar as deputy instead of Rockfur, huh? Clearly because she was a better leader in his eyes!"

Frostpaw's ears flew up at this. Sunstar... Sunstar was the leader before Swiftstar? She hadn't known that, or that there had been a rivalry between Swiftstar and Rockfur for the position of deputy.

"*Calm down*," Robinclaw drawled. "Listen, Rockfur's deputy now, isn't he? Does the order really matter? He's going to be leader someday, and all I'm saying is it'd be pretty great if he was leader right now."

Feathermist's tail lashed in defense for her sister, fiercely loyal. "No, it wouldn't. Nothing would change. If Troutstar's willing to attack MoonClan in the first place, he was always willing to attack it, no matter who's the leader."

"Yeah." Robinclaw rolled his eyes. "Keep thinking that." He glanced over to Whitefang, before meowing, "Can you control your mate, please? All I made was one tiny comment and she got all angry at me."

"Don't make a comment about her sister, then," Whitefang replied with a shrug.

Robinclaw scoffed, standing up and meowing to his own mate, "Come on, Rainsong, let's go," before padding away.

"Can you *believe* him?" Feathermist fumed instantly. "Swiftstar worked so, so hard to get that spot of deputy when Sunstar was leader! *She's* the one who deserves it! She's the one who deserves to be leader, not Rockfur, no matter *what* connections he has!"

"I know, I know," Whitefang soothed. Turning to his three kits,

who'd been watching the entire scene with wide eyes, the tom added, "You'd better go to your mentors. They're waiting."

Willowtail pushed Frostpaw. Hard.

That afternoon of training was brutal. Frostpaw must've fallen to the ground millions of times, and afterwards, the tortoiseshell knocked her down again and again and again as they trained. When Frostpaw's muscles were sore, Willowtail didn't stop, calling in Blackpaw to fight against Frostpaw, calling out comments here and there of where the white she-cat could improve.

When that was all finished, the tortoiseshell brought Frostpaw to help Jaypaw and Heatherpaw practice for their warrior assessment, hunting in pairs. Skypaw was also there, in which she hunted with Jaypaw first whilst Frostpaw got Heatherpaw, each competing to get the greatest amount of prey, then switching. Hunting wasn't Frostpaw's finest skill, and the loss of hunting the most food was deemed upon her each time, earning a smirk of satisfaction from Skypaw.

And finally, to top it off, as the sun was setting, Willowtail brought Frostpaw to climb trees. This time, Fernpaw was with her, which brightened the white she-cat's mood immensely.

By the time the sun had set, Willowtail and Whitefang, who's Fernpaw's mentor, finally decided that it would be a good time for the apprentices to take a break. Exhausted, Frostpaw and Fernpaw trailed behind their mentors, dragging their paws, too tired to even talk.

"What happened to you two?" Stormpaw asked as they entered the camp.

"Willowtail," Frostpaw replied tiredly.

Fernpaw's green gaze was sleepy. "She's really tough. Whitefang wasn't nearly that hard on me today. She must be really eager to prove herself."

Before Frostpaw could ask what her friend meant, Fernpaw barreled

on. "Any prey left?"

That got Frostpaw's attention, and the question on Fernpaw's comment melted from her mind as she gulped down a thrush with Fernpaw, flexing her sore paws, sleepiness coursing through her.

"You'd think WaterClan's attacking tomorrow, with how hard they're making us train," Frostpaw grumbled.

"You never know. They might." The playful glint that used to be in Fernpaw's eyes had disappeared, glancing out into the distance.

"How's your father doing?" Frostpaw questioned; it was clear Fernpaw was troubled over that. After all, Fernpaw had kin in WaterClan, but more importantly, Rockfur did. It must be hard for him to fight his own family.

"Oh, he's doing alright," Fernpaw replied. "Mom said that he was strategizing with Swiftstar. When it comes to loyalty to a Clan, no cat's got more than Rockfur." She smiled, but it didn't quite reach her eyes.

"Alright... Well, are *you* okay?"

"I don't know." Fernpaw heaved out a sigh. "I'm just worried, you know? Like the whole war with WaterClan - what if cats get snarky with us? Just because we're half-Clan?"

Frostpaw felt her pelt bristling at the thought. "Well if they do, they're absolute mouse-brains for judging a cat for something they can't control."

"But at the same time, I feel guilty," Fernpaw mewed, "because a part of me *does* want to get to know my kin in WaterClan, you know? Like Fernstream, for example - she's Rockfur's Mom"- Frostpaw nodded at this, Fernpaw confirming her suspicions -"like I'll never get to know her. Or Minnowfrost. Or any of my other kin." A small frown was etched onto her face.

Frostpaw placed her tail-tip onto Fernpaw's shoulder, pressing herself against her friend in comfort. "It'll be okay," she soothed. "The war will turn out okay. Just you wait and see."

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Word Count: 1109

[Edited]

Some drama in this chapter!! Trying to go for Leafpool & Squirrelflight vibes here with Feathermist & Swiftstar, haha. Let me know what you thought! 'Lil bit of a filler at the end, sorry about that. I really don't like writing training chapters, but honestly it'd be quite unrealistic for Frostpaw to just suddenly be amazing at fighting, so I'm just going to do summaries of it, like this! As always, voting would be greatly appreciated!

Have a wonderful day/night :)
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chapter 22

Frostpaw jumped from branch to branch, feeling the wind rushing through her pelt. Willowtail was right in front of her, and the white she-cat was careful to follow her mentor through the trees as they hurried to WaterClan's border.

It had been a week. No signs of attacking yet. Swiftstar had announced that everyone should keep on marking the borders as normal, and that she'd be speaking with Leafstar about an alliance, though no date was set yet.

"Troutstar's definitely creating one with SunClan," Swiftstar had meowed, "as they teamed up in Clash of the Clans. Let's just hope we can get GrassClan on our side again."

Anxiety tumbled through the white apprentice as they neared WaterClan's border, as though expecting a hidden patrol to leap out and attack them. But before any MoonClan cats jumped off of the tree onto the ground, the leader of the patrol, Sagepelt, stopped them with a whisk of his tail.

"It's probably a good idea to stick together," the gray tom meowed, "so we'll do this in teams. Let me have Brightfur and Fawnpaw come with me, and you three"- he motioned towards Frostpaw, Willowtail, and the last member of the patrol, Leafsong -"can mark the border here."

Leafsong rolled her eyes, but no cat complained as Sagepelt led his group away.

Troubled silence filled the air as the three cats got to work, not bothering to communicate with one another. Suddenly, the reeds from the other side of the border rustled as a WaterClan patrol pushed their way through. At the lead was Minnowfrost; behind her, Frostpaw recognized Pebbleheart along with the tortoiseshell's apprentice, a gray tom, and finally, bringing up the rear, a gray she-cat.

Minnowfrost's lips pulled into a snarl. "Just what do you think you guys are doing?"

"Marking the border." Leafsong's voice was loud, clearly trying to signal to Sagepelt and call him back. "Got a problem with that?"

"*Yes*," the silver she-cat hissed. "As we established at the Gathering, this piece of land is *ours*."

"No, as we established at the Gathering, WaterClan's leader is a mouse-brain who doesn't think things through!"

Minnowfrost's eyes flared. "Watch your words about my brother!"

"Oh, *your brother*?" Leafsong let out a chuckle. "He's your brother now, is he? Then why do I recall a faint memory of you as an apprentice, announcing that you don't claim him as a brother?"

This brought confusion to Frostpaw. If the cat who sired Troutstar's litter was Minnowfrost's father, too, then why would the silver she-cat be claiming any different...? Unless she had a different dad?

Minnowfrost took a step back. "I was a young and stupid apprentice then. I can safely claim that I've changed now. Unfortunately, can't say the same for you, Leafsong. You were just as ignorant as you were back then."

With a growl, Leafsong launched herself at Minnowfrost. Willowtail yelped in shock, bounding forward to step in, but Pebbleheart blocked her path. "Going somewhere?"

"Get out of my way!" Willowtail hissed as the gray she-cat padded to Pebbleheart's side and the apprentice bounded over to Frostpaw. They were outnumbered. "We aren't supposed to be fighting!"

"*'Aren't supposed to be fighting'*," Pebbleheart scoffed, turning to her Clanmate. "Do you hear this, Waveheart?" Turning back to Willowtail, she taunted, "Sure we are. We're at war, remember?"

Grunts came from Leafsong and Minnowfrost, the two fighting fiercely, refusing to back down. Willowtail's eyes flashed with panic, before she whipped around, hissing at Pebbleheart, "*Move*,

Mother!"

Frostpaw didn't have time to register the shock before the gray apprentice jumped on top of her. His claws sunk into her pelt as she smacked her paw instinctively against his muzzle and kicked at his belly, trying to knock him off. He yelped in pain as she drew blood but didn't loosen his grip, making her struggle beneath him.

Suddenly, the weight was knocked off. And there was Fawnpaw standing by her side, growling at the gray apprentice. "Go away, Icepaw!"

Icepaw sneered. "Make me!"

Sagepelt and Brightfur had rushed to Willowtail's side; Brightfur joined Willowtail in fighting the two WaterClan cats whilst Sagepelt bounded past them to Leafsong, assisting her in Minnowfrost.

Frostpaw jumped up, and she and Fawnpaw started on Icepaw. The bengal would go for his front paws, forcing him onto his hind legs, then swiping at his ears. Frostpaw attacked Icepaw's hind paws, making him jump and setting him off balance until he fell over.

"Icepaw!" Pebbleheart yowled, calling her apprentice back. "Come. We're leaving."

"This isn't over," Minnowfrost snarled. "Just when you least expect it, we'll be there."

Sagepelt scoffed. "We'll be waiting."

With that, the WaterClan patrol turned and fled. The MoonClan patrol shared looks of victory with one another, but gloom soon fell on top of them. They'd won this battle, but how many more were going to come?

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"They did it!" A happy cheer rang out through the camp as Mistytail and Eagleheart padded in, tails high in the air with joy; their apprentices, Jaypaw and Heatherpaw, followed soon after, beaming. "They passed their warriors assessment!"
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Mews of congratulations rose instantly; Frostpaw felt excitement hammering through her as she jumped up, running over to praise the two soon-to-be warriors, Fernpaw on her tail. The littermates' parents, Robinclaw and Rainsong, were all over them, flushing with pride.

"I'll go speak with Swiftstar to see if you can have your warrior ceremony tonight!" Mistytail mewed, blue eyes glimmering. "Oh, good job, you two!" She looked so happy as she ducked into Swiftstar's den to inform the leader about the passing of the two apprentices.

It didn't take long before Swiftstar exited her den, calling for a Clan meeting. Heatherpaw and Jaypaw hurriedly groomed themselves with their parents' help, chests puffed with joy. Frostpaw sat with Fernpaw, tail whisking eagerly as she watched her friends be promoted from apprentice to warrior, given the names Heatherstorm and Jayfrost.

Frostpaw cheered for the two as loudly as she could, yowling their new names. When the ceremony was completed, she and Fernpaw zoomed over to congratulate them.

"Good job, Jayfrost!" Fernpaw chirped. "You two, Heatherstorm! Amazing names!"

"Thank you," Heatherstorm gushed happily.

"Now that I'm a warrior, I can boss you two around," Jayfrost mewed, a hint of arrogance in his voice, earning a roll of the eyes from Fernpaw along with a smack on the head.

"You may be a warrior, but I can still do that," the gray she-cat teased.

Frostpaw felt a rumbling purr building up inside her. Even though the threat of war was looming upon them, it still felt good to have times like these where the entire Clan's spirit was lifted, feeling absolutely carefree.

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Word Count: 1079

[Edited]

Hello! Willowtail's a WaterClan cat?? Anyone predicted that? Will (maybe) be talked about more in the next chapter, haha. Also, both Jayfrost & Heatherstorm's warrior names changed! I think in the original version it was like Jayclaw & Heatherfur or something. Anyway, let me know what you think about these secrets and untold history! I'd love to hear your thoughts!

Have an amazing day/night :)

chapter 23

"Come on, Featherpaw!" A cream-colored she-cat jumped from the branches of the apprentices den, blue eyes alight with joy as she gazed up at the sunny sky. "Let's go!"

"Slow down, Swiftpaw," a gray-and-white apprentice chided as she followed her sister out of the den, gaze flickering with unease. "We really shouldn't be doing this, you know."

"Exactly! Which means we need to go quickly before our afternoon training starts." Swiftpaw swished her tail. "I mean, when are you going to get another chance to just wander around the forest and do whatever the heck you'd like?"

Featherpaw raised an eyebrow. "When you're a warrior?"

"Yeah, but that's like- ages *away!" Swiftpaw complained. "Plus by then, we'll have warrior duties and you'll probably have a mate, most likely that Whitepaw tom"- the cream-colored she-cat rolled her eyes whilst Featherpaw flushed -"and won't want to accompany me on trips."*

"Well, it's not like you'll *want to go on exploration journeys either," Featherpaw retorted as she passed her Clanmates a smile, trying to look unsuspicious, following her sister to the dirt-tunnel. "Not if you're going to become MoonClan's leader."*

Swiftpaw beamed with pride. "I will, Featherpaw, mark my words. It'll all be perfect. You'll settle down with Whitepaw and have a family, and I'll be the greatest leader MoonClan's ever seen! Ooh, and I can make you my deputy!"

Featherpaw chuckled. "Are you sure you won't have a mate by then, too?"

"No way." Swiftpaw grimaced. "No mates or kits for me my entire life. When I become a leader, I want to treat all the cats the same. I don't want to have any bias. Plus," the cream-colored she-cat added with

another roll of her eyes, "it'll only get in the way of my leading."

The two she-cats purred as they ducked through the tunnel, feeling more carefree and happy than ever.

"Frostpaw!" Willowtail's voice snapped the white she-cat from her daydream. "Frostpaw, you there?"

The apprentice nodded quickly, muttering a soft, "Sorry, Willowtail." The apprentice had been caught up in a vision; she hates it when it happens during the day, completely catching her off guard.

But this one didn't bring any negative feelings. Instead, Frostpaw felt a little jump in her step each time she thought of the wholesome scene she'd just seen between her mother and Swiftstar. And their predictions had been correct; Feathermist had settled down with Whitefang whereas Swiftstar went on to become MoonClan's leader.

"Listen, I know hunting's not your favorite thing, but it's essential in order to pass the warriors assessment, okay?" Willowtail flicked her apprentice's ear. "Try this. It seems like your nose isn't the sharpest, so once you track down the basis of where the prey is, use sound to pinpoint it instead of scent. Give it a go."

Frostpaw nodded, parting her jaws, tracking down a vole quickly. As she neared it, its scent grew stronger and stronger, puzzling her as to where exactly it was. She flicked her ears, listening for small scratches on the ground; sure enough, it helped to direct her to the vole. With a mighty leap, the white she-cat landed squarely on top, pride bursting through her as she delivered a quick kill to the prey.

"Good job!" the tortoiseshell cheered as she bounded to Frostpaw's side.

The white she-cat smiled, but couldn't quite meet her mentor's eyes. She hadn't been able to since she found out Willowtail used to be a WaterClan cat. Now, now, it wasn't that she was prejudiced against the tortoiseshell or anything - she had no place to speak there - but she was just curious as to the story. And maybe it was something

bad.

Willowtail huffed out a sigh. "What is it, Frostpaw? Is it about what happened at WaterClan's border?"

"Well... sort of." Frostpaw looked up at her mentor guiltily. She was too curious for her own good.

"I see." The tortoiseshell paused for a moment. "Well, you have questions. So ask away."

"Well..." The white she-cat trailed off. "Why'd you leave WaterClan?"

Willowtail sucked in a breath, thinking. "I don't know, honestly. My dad left, and Mom was furious. And most of her anger was directed at me. So I wanted a new start, I guess? WaterClan and MoonClan's relationship wasn't too bad then - you know, it was when Rockfur became the deputy - and I had... connections here." The tortoiseshell chose the word carefully. "So it didn't seem like such a bad choice, since I was an apprentice and all."

"Oh, I see."

"Anything else?" Willowtail prompted with a small smile.

There was. Frostpaw had millions more questions flying through her mind. But instead, she shook her head. As curious as she was, she knew there were limits, too, and though Willowtail had offered to share, the tortoiseshell was clearly uncomfortable.

"Good. Now, let's start heading back-"

A yowl split the air, breaking off whatever Willowtail was going to say. The tortoiseshell's ears snapped up, green eyes widening with horror. "Come on, Frostpaw. Leave the vole."

The two bolted for MoonClan's camp, forcing their legs to push them as hard as they could. Frostpaw could feel her heart beating wildly with anxiety as they neared the camp; even from the outside, her fear was confirmed.

The thick scent of fish. The yowls and shrieks coming from within

the walls. The tangy smell of blood.

WaterClan had attacked.

How they got past the thorn walls was beyond Frostpaw, but she hadn't even stopped to think about that before leaping into the camp, joining the fight.

She could barely see anything. Dust was kicked up, creating swirling clouds as cats fought. She couldn't tell who was on her side and who was the enemy.

"Fernpaw!" Frostpaw yowled. "Feathermist? Whitefang?" She tried searching for them, but it was hopeless.

"So, you two finally showed up." Robinclaw appeared from the ground, panting, several scratches littering his pelt. "I hope you have reinforcements behind you."

"No. What's going on?"

"WaterClan attacked," the brown tom stated, as though he'd just made a discovery.

"Yes, I know that..." Willowtail resisted a roll of her eyes. "But do we have any formation? Where can we help? And where's Swiftstar? Does she have a plan?"

Robinclaw's eyes hardened at the mention. "If you must know, WaterClan attacked whilst Swiftstar was out," he spat, "but be assured, Rockfur can safely lead us through this."

"Well where is Rockfur?" Willowtail asked with a lash of her tail. "What's his battle plan?"

Robinclaw twitched his ears. "You ask too many questions." With that, he jumped into the fight once more.

Willowtail and Frostpaw exchanged a weary look.

"The Plan: Drive the WaterClan Cats Out," Willowtail stated.

And with that, the two hurled themselves into the war.

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Word Count: 1087

[Edited]

A fighting scene! Try to bear with me, I'm not too good at those! I'll try to wrap it up quick in the next chapter, unless I have something more I need to share! Oh, and thoughts on Willowtail?

Have a lovely day/night :)
~~~

chapter 24

For a cat Robinclaw claimed could lead them through the battle, Rockfur didn't seem to be doing much leading.

Frostpaw didn't spot him at all throughout the fight, though she was certain that was because of the fact that every cat was so tumbled together. She couldn't even point out her own Clanmates, for StarClan's sake, much less track down one specific one.

The white she-cat made a mental note to thank Willowtail for all the tough training she's put her through. Frostpaw complained then, but there was no doubt that she was more than thankful for it now.

The white she-cat knocked away a cat, who she identified as Icepaw, to the ground, before she felt another cat brush up behind her. Growling, Frostpaw spun around, eyes blazing, and raised her paw to smack whoever the cat was.

"*It's just me*, you mouse-brain!" came Skypaw's voice, and the white she-cat quickly retracted her claws.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Frostpaw apologized instantly. "I didn't realize-"

"Yeah, I could tell," the gray tabby muttered with a roll of her eyes.

Before the conversation could continue any longer, Icepaw had climbed back up and leaped onto Frostpaw's back. The white she-cat yelped as she tumbled down, but Skypaw grabbed the WaterClan apprentice's scruff instantly, throwing him off, sending him bounding away.

"Coward," Skypaw spat.

Frostpaw rose from the ground. "Thank you."

Skypaw scoffed. "Yeah, it's no problem. Just-" She broke off, eyes widening. "Frostpaw, behind you!"

The white she-cat turned just in time to have her face intercept a cat's claws, sending her stumbling backwards. The cat jumped onto Frostpaw, tearing through her pelt mercilessly as the white she-cat kicked wildly, trying to protect her face and throw the cat off, pain searing through her.

"*Ivypaw!*" Skypaw's voice yowled. "Get off!"

The weight had suddenly been lessened, Frostpaw catching a glimpse of Skypaw fighting with a black she-cat, but couldn't find the energy in her to climb to her paws. She glanced at the ground beside her, finding it painted with red.

"Oh, is that my blood...?" came the white she-cat's drowsy voice. "That's not good..."

"Frostpaw, are you okay?" Skypaw's face came into the white apprentice's face, growing dimmer and dimmer by the second.

"*Frostpaw!*"

Now it was Fernpaw's voice; moments later, the gray she-cat was there, green eyes sparkling with worry.

Frostpaw chuckled lightly. "Oh, hey, Fernpaw."

Then she blacked out.

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Another dream.

This time, Frostpaw was watching the scene from the point of view of a ginger tom. No, not the one that'd sired Rockfur's litter, but *one* of Rockfur's littermates, perhaps. This cat's fur was a bit lighter than his dad's, his legs short, fur still fluffy.

"Rockpaw! Troutpaw! Wait up!" Frostpaw yowled, having no control of the words that came out of her mouth. Frostpaw pushed as hard as she could, feeling her legs ache, but still couldn't catch up to her two brothers.
~~~

Rockpaw and Troutpaw stopped, grinning lazily at each other before turning on Frostpaw. "Hurry up, Redpaw, we haven't got all day!"

So that was what the last kit was called. Redpaw. At least she got a name this time.

Frostpaw - or, Redpaw - gave another mighty push as he hurtled himself to besides his brothers, panting. "I... *hate*... water." It was only then that Frostpaw realized the trio had been running through a large pond, shallow enough for them to play in but hard to push through.

But there was something else that she felt from Redpaw, something... familiar. But she couldn't quite put her paw on what it was. Frustration furrowed through her; first Iceshade, now Redpaw. It was *just* on the tip of her tongue, yet so far away at the same time.

Rockpaw gave a chuckle. "So you prefer land? Doesn't that make you... *odd*?" His voice was hinting to something as he continued. "Not a true WaterClan cat?"

Frostpaw could feel Redpaw rolling his eyes. *Not this bit again.*

Troutpaw mocked a gasp. "Really? You mean - you mean to tell me that both our parents *aren't* from WaterClan?" The gray tom faked a shiver. "That's crazy! I never knew! Thanks *so* much for telling me and calling me weird!"

Sarcasm was dripping from both toms' tongue, but Redpaw didn't join in on their joke. Instead, he felt a real shiver run through his body. His brothers may be able to enjoy mocking the mean cats that bullied them over having a mysterious cat as a father, but he certainly didn't like it. He wanted it to *stop*. All he ever wanted was a peaceful life, after all.

"Rockpaw! Troutpaw! Redpaw!" A voice was calling them, unmistakably Fernstream's. "Where are you three?"

"By the pond, Mother!" Redpaw called back, earning glares from his

brothers.

"Now just *why* would you tell her?" Rockpaw hissed.

"Yeah!" Troutpaw joined. "We're *supposed* to be cleaning the nursery, remember? This is supposed to be a hidden thing between the three of us- Oh, hi Mother! Might I just say you look *lovely* today!"

Fernstream had pushed through the reed, fixing Troutpaw with a glare. "Flattery will get you nowhere. Now what's this I hear from your mentors about not being where you're supposed to be?"

"Sorry, Mom," Rockpaw apologized. "We just wanted to have some fun. Our mentors always give us the worst jobs, you know, because of our father. We must've cleaned the nursery about a million times now, yet Otterpaw and Pebblepaw haven't stepped *foot* in it since they became apprentices. It's just not fair!"

Fernstream's eyes hardened. "Now, now, I won't have you thinking that way."

"But it's true! Our mentors hate us! So do all the other apprentices!" Redpaw complained.

"Well, let them think what they want," Fernstream meowed firmly. "You four will keep a good mind. Speaking of you four"- the gray she-cat's eyes narrowed -"where's your brother?"

"Cleaning out the elders den."

"Like he's *supposed* to?" Fernstream raised a brow. "Now run along. You'd better get to work on the nursery before your mentors decide to make you help your brother with the elders den. Poor tom tried so hard covering for you three. You ought to feel ashamed."

Troutpaw nodded eagerly. "Yes, Mother. So, so ashamed."

Rockpaw bobbed his head up and down, and with a nudge from Troutpaw, Redpaw joined.

Fernstream clearly didn't buy it, but a small smile twitched onto her

face anyway. "No matter what any cat says, you all are still amazing, okay? I love you."

"We love you too, Mom," the three brothers chorused back.

Fernstream chuckled, giving a playful roll of her eyes. "Now *go*."

The three toms scrambled out of the water - Redpaw the most eager - and bounded over towards camp, sharing jokes and laughs along the way.

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Word Count: 1085

[Edited]

Hey, hey, hey!! Three chapters written in one day, feeling pretty proud. Thoughts? Wanted to throw some Frostpaw-Skypaw bonding in the fighting scene, but I really do suck at those, so I tried wrapping it up quickly. If you would like to, please vote, it'd be greatly appreciated!

Have a wonderful day/night :)
~~~

chapter 25

"Should I throw some water on her?"

"Jayfrost!"

"What? It might help wake her up!"

"Or knock her into deeper unconsciousness."

"Oh, yeah. Well, I say it's worth a try."

At the threat of having to be drenched in water, Frostpaw's eyes flew open. "No water!"

The first thing she saw was Jayfrost's triumphant face. "See? I told you it'd work!"

"Oh, move over!" Fernpaw soon pushed the tom out of the way, eyeing Frostpaw with a worried gaze. "How are you feeling?"

The sound of dripping water and the scent of sharp herbs flooded towards Frostpaw; behind Fernpaw, the white she-cat spotted a jagged rock wall. She was in the medicine den. Flicking her ears, the apprentice couldn't catch any sounds of fighting.

"Head hurts." Frostpaw tried shifting when she felt pain flare inside her stomach. "Actually, scratch that. Everything hurts."

Fernpaw nodded, eyes flashing with anger as she pulled away. "That Ivypaw! Next time I see her, I'll rip *her* guts up! Let her have a taste of her own medicine."

"My guts got ripped out?" Frostpaw winced. That sounded painful. It *was* painful.

"No, no," assured the gray she-cat instantly, "Skypaw got her off you before she could get to that."

"Speaking of which," Jayfrost piped up, "I'd better go let Redberry know that you're awake, Frostpaw." With that, he ducked out of the den, yowling for the medicine cat.

"Hungry? Thirsty?" Fernpaw pampered, but Frostpaw gave her friend a weak bat with a soft laugh that caused ripples of pain to sear through her.

"No, I'm fine, Fernpaw. How long have I been out?"

Fernpaw flicked her tail. "A day or two. Feathermist and Whitefang were sick with worry. With you unconscious, Whitefang turned all his anxiety into training. My muscles have never hurt more than they have now."

Frostpaw let out a purr, followed quickly by another flash of pain. She should really stop doing that. "So, how'd you guys get WaterClan out? Must've been pretty epic, huh?"

"Well, thankfully, Swiftstar heard the yowls and returned. She managed to organize us and drive WaterClan out."

"Oh, I see." Frostpaw twitched her tail-tip, thankful she could do that without hurt. "Anything else important that I missed?"

Fernpaw looked uneasy, nodding. "Well, yeah. After the fight was over, Swiftstar called for an announcement, and she said-"

"Frostpaw!" Feathermist's voice interrupted Fernpaw's sentence as the gray-and-white she-cat burst in, Whitefang following close behind her, his green eyes glimmering with relief. "You're awake!"

The white she-cat beamed at the sight of her parents, but Redberry quickly stepped in, ushering them away.

"Stormpaw!" the ginger she-cat called. "If you could bring me some marigold and cobwebs, please!"

Stormpaw trotted over with the supplies, giving Frostpaw a bright smile. "Glad to see you're awake! How are you feeling? Everything hurts?"

"Yeah," Frostpaw replied, "pretty much." She glanced at Fernpaw, wanting to know what it was the gray she-cat wanted to tell her, but her friend had disappeared from the den.

Redberry patched Frostpaw up quickly, before meowing, "I'll fetch you some water. If possible, I'd like every cat who's not in need of help and isn't me or Stormpaw to clear out." She shot the look at Feathermist and Whitefang, who both let out a chuckle and gave Frostpaw's head a quick lick along with the promise of a visit and ducked out.

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Over the next few days of Frostpaw's recovery, all the apprentices came to visit her, even Skypaw. The gray tabby stood on the side, and Frostpaw had a feeling Fawnpaw forced her to come, but Skypaw's presence was still there, which the white she-cat appreciated.

Frostpaw piped them with questions about what she'd missed, feeling mainly anxious about skipping so much training, the story of Swiftstar's announcement fading from her mind.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry too much about that," Blackpaw assured her.

"But why?" Frostpaw's ears flattened to her head. "Training's important, especially with the war going on!"

Fawnpaw and Fernpaw exchanged a glance.

"Just rest," Fawnpaw mewed, avoiding the question. "Hopefully you'll be back on your paws in no time."

Feathermist and Whitefang came to see Frostpaw a couple times every day, supplying her with prey and water.

When the white she-cat tried asking them about the training, the two had very similar reactions as the apprentices; an exchange of a look and a worried gleam in their eyes.

"Don't worry about it," Feathermist meowed, echoing Blackpaw's words.
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"Well, I wouldn't say that." Whitefang's brows furrowed. "Training's important." He turned to Frostpaw, ignoring his mate's glare, before adding, "If it bothers you this much, I'll get Willowtail. How's that?"

"I don't think that's the best idea, Whitefang-"

"She needs to know what's going on." Whitefang's voice was firm.

Feathermist sighed, reluctantly giving in. Turning around, the white tom bounded out with the gray-and-white she-cat on his tail; moments later, Willowtail poked her head in.

"Hey! How's my favorite apprentice doing?" The tortoiseshell trotted in, giving Frostpaw a bright smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

"So, I was wondering if there was anything I could do right now since I'm missing so much training."

"Nah." Willowtail flicked her ears. "Just rest up. Don't worry too much about training."

Those words should be normal. Just a mentor wishing her apprentice well. But there was something that made Frostpaw think something was wrong, and before she could question it, the tortoiseshell mewed a quick, "Feel better soon," turned around, and ducked out of the den.

There was something that happened after the battle that no cat in the Clan was willing to tell her. Well, scratch that. There was one.

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Thank StarClan for Fernpaw.

Fernpaw was willing to fill her best friend in on anything, and was very much going to before she was interrupted by Feathermist. "I don't think there's anything wrong with telling you," the dark gray she-cat meowed. "Every other cat already knows. It's not like it's a secret or anything."

"Well, go on then."
~~~

Fernpaw heaved a sigh. "After the battle, Swiftstar made an announcement. She found WaterClan's attack odd."

"Odd?"

"Yeah. Like how WaterClan attacked during sun-high. Normally cats would want to go by night or dawn, for more cover, right? Not the middle of the day.

"She also thought it was weird that WaterClan managed to get through our territory without being detected, how they navigated through it, found our camp and the hole in the wall with many of them having never even stepped *foot* into our territory. Troutstar wasn't the one who led them, since he wasn't at the battle, but even if he was the one who'd brought them to our camp, the chances of him managing to get through all the undergrowth without being found is low.

"Along with that, she thought the chances of WaterClan just happening to attack while she was gone was incredibly small as well, since she almost never leaves camp."

"So what are you saying?" Frostpaw felt her heart thumping wildly in her chest.

"Swiftstar..." Fernpaw sucked in a breath. "Swiftstar thinks that there's a traitor in our midst."

And just when Frostpaw thought it couldn't get any worse, Fernpaw spoke the next six words.

"And many cats think it's Willowtail."

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Word Count: 1153

[Edited]

A traitor? Who do you think it is? Is it Willowtail, or another cat? Let me know your predictions!! The top part of the chapter was a bit of a (needed) filler, considering it'd be weird if Frostpaw just
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woke up and Fernpaw started telling her everything. Anyway, I thought it didn't flow that well, wasn't my favorite chapter to right, but that's alright!

Have a wonderful day/night :)

chapter 26

"*Willowtail?*" Frostpaw almost jumped up from her nest in shock before remembering that it would tear her wounds more. "Why? That's ridiculous!"

"Because she used to be a WaterClan cat."

"So? Rockfur did, too!" The words came out before Frostpaw could stop them, and she instantly sent an apologetic look in Fernpaw's direction. "Sorry, I didn't mean-"

"I know," the gray she-cat interrupted. "I've been thinking about that too. I guess it's just that..." She trailed off, choosing her words carefully. "Rockfur's the deputy, with a lot of cats who support him and if anything, want him as the leader. He has protection, and that extends over me and Blackpaw. Willowtail... Well, when she first joined, many cats didn't even want her. It was only under Swiftstar's insistence that Sunstar agreed."

Frostpaw paused for a moment. "Who do you think the traitor is?"

"I don't know." Fernpaw looked exhausted. "I don't want it to be any cat. I'm just hoping everything Swiftstar has said, everything she stated as odd was really *just a coincidence*. Anyway, she's going to go talk to Leafstar tomorrow about the alliance. Sleep well." The gray she-cat began climbing to her paws.

"Wait!" Frostpaw yelped. "Why's Willowtail acting all weird about my training?"

Fernpaw sucked in a breath. "A lot of cats want her removed as your mentor."

"*Why?*" the white she-cat protested with a huff.

"They don't want a 'traitor' corrupting 'young cats' minds'," Fernpaw quoted.

"That's stupid."

"You don't need to tell me. Goodnight, Frostpaw."

"Night, Fernpaw."

It was safe to say that the white she-cat drifted off into an uneasy sleep, worry for her mentor and her Clan overwhelming her.

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"Alright, you're all ready to go!" Redberry chirped, giving Frostpaw one last check-up. "Just take it easy, okay?"

"Okay!"

Frostpaw was beyond excited to leave the medicine den. The smell of herbs, the constant dripping of the pool, the lack of light - ugh! She didn't know how Redberry and Stormpaw could stand it!

The white she-cat let out a happy sigh as she exited the den finally. It felt good to stretch her legs and see the blue sky again.

What *didn't* feel good was looking around at the wreck WaterClan had made of the camp. Thankfully, the apprentices den, being high up in the tree, was safe from the chaos. But this couldn't be said for the rest. The warriors den was completely demolished, as was the nursery.

Frostpaw's pelt spiked up at the sight of the crumpled dens, followed by a quick stab of fury. *How dare those WaterClan cats! We'll get them back for this!*

"Frostpaw!" Fawnpaw's voice came from behind the white she-cat. "You're finally out! How are you feeling?"

"Much better, thanks!" the white apprentice replied in a happy purr. It felt good to do that again without hurt. "Have you seen Fernpaw?"

"Hmm, she might be in the apprentices den," Fawnpaw replied. "She's been rather gloomy and upset these past days."
~~~

Frostpaw flicked her tail in acknowledgement. "Alright, thank you!"

"No problem!"

The bengal turned around, heading for Rockfur while Frostpaw bounded towards the apprentices den, hauling herself up branch after branch with more difficulty than before. When she finally reached it, Blackpaw's voice traveled out.

"*Come on!* You can't just keep sitting in here!"

"Sure I can," retorted Fernpaw's voice. "Leave me alone and let me think."

"Is this because Frostpaw's hurt? I think Redberry's letting her leave the medicine den today! Why don't you go take a look?" When there was no reply, the black tom tried, "Come on! Let's go share some prey. I'll let you choose!"

Frostpaw decided it was time to let her presence be known, poking her head into the den with a wide smile. "Hi!"

"Hey, look who's back!" Blackpaw shot her a beam before glancing back at his sister, nudging her.

Fernpaw's head snapped up to meet Frostpaw's gaze, giving the white she-cat a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Hi, Frostpaw! How're you feeling?"

"I'm fine." Frostpaw felt an uneasy tingle run down her back. There was something else bothering her friend. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm doing amazing!" Fernpaw meowed, climbing to her paws. "Come on, let's get something to eat!"

The trio padded out of the den, Blackpaw giving Frostpaw a bright look before meowing, "Thank StarClan for you. Thought I'd never be able to get Fernpaw out of that den."

Frostpaw purred, but it wasn't completely genuine. A cold feeling flew through her as she glanced at her gray-furred friend. Something was wrong. And she was going to find out what.

"Fernpaw, wait up!"

Frostpaw quickened her pace to catch up to the gray apprentice, passing Sandpelt, Foxfur, and Robinclaw. Their conversation was loud, purposefully so, so that other cats could catch on to what they were saying. Already Frostpaw knew that whatever it was was going to be bad.

"I can't believe Swiftstar's still letting that traitor stay in our camp!" Sandpelt drawled loudly. "I mean, it's truly unfair for us to be forced to share a den with her. Who's to say she's not going to kill is in the middle of the right, right?"

"So true!" Robinclaw replied, voice obnoxiously loud. "And I mean, if we want to win this war, we can only have true, *loyal* MoonClan warriors in our Clan, right?"

Foxfur, a younger warrior around Willowtail's age, looked like he was about to faint with joy from sitting with the senior warriors. "Right!" he chorused. "I bet this wouldn't happen if *Rockfur* were the leader!"

Frostpaw's nose wrinkled with disgust. The entire thing looked like a rehearsed play. From across the camp, Feathermist shot a glare of contempt toward the group; beside her, not far away, sat Willowtail, eyes pinned onto her paws, ears flattened.

Anger surged throughout Frostpaw. That's it. She wanted to storm over to those warriors and demand an explanation for why they were so supportive of Rockfur if he used to be WaterClan, just like Willowtail, but Fernpaw shot the white she-cat a look, warning her against it.

"Don't," the gray apprentice muttered, "it'll make it worse. Plus, you're only an apprentice and there's *two* senior warriors there. It won't do anything."

"I know," Frostpaw replied, "but it's just so..."

"I get it," Fernpaw mewed lightly. "Dad's trying to get them to stop as well, but there's really not much that can put Robinclaw's

opinions to a hold."

"But he'd better put them to a stop soon," Blackpaw added darkly. "He's only dividing the Clan into two halves. One side's Swiftstar's supporters, the other side's Rockfur's. It'll only give us a disadvantage to the war."

Frostpaw flicked her tail in agreement, feeling anxiety loom onto her once more.

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Word Count: 1080

[Edited]

Heyy! Any thoughts on this chapter? I know everything's flowing a bit slowly here, but please bear with me!! Will get moving soon (hopefully)! Anyways, what do you think Fernpaw's troubled over? How will things turn out with Willowtail? Let me know!

Have a fantastic day/night :)
~~~

chapter 27

Attacks followed attacks. But this time, LightClan had joined in. The scent of rabbit and moor could be caught from the wreckage left behind, leaving Swiftstar and Leafstar's ears twitching with worry.

"It's the second Clash of the Clans." Leafstar's voice came out in a troubled whisper.

"If it is, then we'll come out victorious again," Swiftstar assured. "But let's hope that the entire thing will drop soon."

"Indeed." The brown tabby's voice was firm. "Let us pray to StarClan that Troutstar will grow up and realize that a strip of land isn't worth a war."

"We'll meet tomorrow, if GrassClan's okay with that?" Rockfur cut in. "Have a meeting, create some battle plans."

Leafstar shot Swiftstar a curious glance; normally, it would be the leader who made such arrangements, not the deputy. But the cream-colored she-cat, wanting to keep a united front, forced a smile and nodded, clearly annoyed.

"Alright," Leafstar mewed in response. "GrassClan will be happy to help you now, Swiftstar, but should any attacks be landed on our territory, there will be issues. We will *not* be involved in the second Clash of the Clans."

"Let's hope so." Swiftstar angled her ears. "But should the battles not end soon, *everybody* will be involved in the war. No cat will be safe from it."

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"And then a cat swooped in! I was so scared, but Mom grabbed Dewkit and hid him beneath the moss, so I figured I should be doing that too. Once I was hidden, Mom tried fighting off the cat,
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but he threw her against the wall. I thought she was dead! But thankfully, Heatherstorm and Mistytail came in, fought off the cat, and brought Mom to Redberry."

Echokit finished off her story, puffing out her chest proudly.

"Wow!" Frostpaw mewed, widening her eyes. "What a thrilling tale! You were so brave!"

The kit beamed brightly. She clearly wasn't taking it as a life-threatening event, rather an interesting story. She didn't quite understand what was happening with the war, the dangers that came with it, so Frostpaw played along. She didn't want to burst Echokit's bubble so soon.

"How *is* Snowmist?" the white she-cat continued kindly. "She wasn't at the medicine den when I was there."

Frostpaw was sitting with Echokit in the nursery, babysitting her, in other words. She didn't quite know what was happening; one moment, she was enjoying a mouse, and in the next, Birdflight had asked if the white she-cat could look after Echokit for a moment.

"Yeah, she was there the day you were unconscious," Echokit informed, looking very proud that she was able to pronounce the last word. "She just went back to Redberry for a quick check-up."

"Oh?" Frostpaw tilted her head. "And Dewkit's with her?"

Echokit hummed, "Mhm!"

Just then, Birdflight padded into the nursery, Violetkit and Hawkkit on her tail. "Oh, Frostpaw, thank you so much for looking after Echokit! I just wanted to go over some things with these two, considering they're becoming apprentices soon."

"Yeah, no problem," Frostpaw chirped. "I really enjoyed spending time with Echokit."

As she climbed to her paws, the little cream kit tugged lightly on her tail. "Could we maybe hang out again?"

Frostpaw gave her a bright smile. "Sure! Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to get back to training." That was a flat-out lie. Willowtail hadn't taken Frostpaw out to do *anything* since the white she-cat got hurt, claiming that she wanted the apprentice to heal more.

Frostpaw ducked out of the nursery; just as the bright sun flashed in her gaze, she was sucked into another vision.

"Just go away!" Redpaw protested as Puddlepaw and Beechpaw began crowding onto him, evil glints in their eyes.

The ginger apprentice looked desperately behind them for a sign of his brothers or mother. Nothing. His mentor, along with the two toms', had conveniently looked the other way.

Redpaw felt himself shaking. These apprentices wouldn't be doing this if any of his brothers were here; sure, a few words would be tossed around, but it would never go to anything physical.

They're picking on me because I never stand up for myself, *Redpaw knew.* But why should I have to stand up for myself in the first place? What in StarClan did I ever do? All I wanted was a peaceful life!

"Leave me alone!" the ginger apprentice spat. "Troutpaw, Rockpaw, and-"

"What?" Puddlepaw taunted. "What'll they do? Make more false claims that they'll be leaders someday, and we'll "regret this"?"

"Those obnoxious toms," Beechpaw scoffed. "But at least Troutpaw and Rockpaw have a plan of some sort. Your last brother's idea is to just "tell Mom". Hah! I'm so *terrified."*

Redpaw growled. "What have I ever done to bother you?"

"Other than exist?" Puddlepaw hissed. "You shouldn't be alive in the first place! Fernstream shouldn't have mated with a tom out of the Clan! None of you guys should be alive!"

With that, Puddlepaw darted in, smacking Redpaw's side with his paws and leaving a cut. Thin enough to play it off as an accidental scratch,

deep enough to hurt. Something the gray tom had perfected over the moons.

"Hey! Leave Redpaw alone!" Troutpaw's voice snapped; moments later, he and Rockpaw were standing beside the ginger tom, glaring at Puddlepaw and Beechpaw.

"Oh look, if it isn't the two leaders of WaterClan," Beechpaw mocked. "I'm eager to see how that'll work out."

"It'll be easy," Rockpaw assured. "I'll be the leader, Troutpaw the deputy, and you'll be the cat who regrets everything he's ever done and said to us."

Beechpaw scowled. "WaterClan will never allow you two to become our leader."

"We'll just see about that, now, won't we," Troutpaw snarled.

Puddlepaw lashed his tail, sliding out his claws; Beechpaw jumped to his friend's side, shooting a lethal glare at the littermates. The three brothers pressed against each other, exchanging anxious looks; if a fight were to break out, they had the majority in numbers, but there was no doubt they'd be the ones taking the blame, too.

Beechpaw and Puddlepaw would be "the two little angels who were just minding their own business" whilst Fernstream's kits would be deemed as the ones "who attacked the two little angels for no reason".

"Just what are you all doing*?" A tortoiseshell she-cat scrambled towards them, green eyes narrowed.*

"Oh, nothing, Pebblepaw," Puddlepaw assured. "No need to worry about it."

Pebblepaw rolled her eyes. "Oh, don't give me that! Beechpaw, Mom doesn't want you fighting anymore, you know that! And Puddlepaw, I'm sure your mentor and parents wouldn't be very pleased if I told them I witnessed you two launching the first attacks, yes? Come on now, and leave these three alone!"

Beechpaw grumbled, sliding his claws back in and shooting a glare at his

sister, which she ignored. Puddlepaw followed his friend's actions, giving Troutpaw, Rockpaw, and Redpaw a lethal look before padding away.

"You guys okay?" Pebblepaw mewed, her gaze fixed onto Redpaw.

"Oh yeah, fine," Troutpaw assured, "we got it."

But the tortoiseshell she-cat's eyes never wavered from the red tom.

Redpaw gave her a small smile. "Yeah, I'm okay."

"Okay, good." Pebblepaw flicked her tail, turned around, and chased after the two toms, disappearing from Redpaw's gaze.

The vision faded away, leaving Frostpaw in utter confusion, trying to process what she'd just seen.

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Word Count: 1182

[Edited]

Hey, hey, hey!! I know the scene with Frostpaw & Echokit definitely isn't the most action-packed, but I thought it was good to include some development between these two. Anyway, what'd you think of the vision? Let me know!

Have a lovely day/night :)
~~~

chapter 28

"Keep your tail and claws out, Frostpaw," Willowtail instructed. "Normally I would tell you to sheath your claws during training, but in this situation, not only can it help you do damage to your enemies, it can help you keep balance as well."

The white she-cat nodded, sliding out her claws to grip onto the branch.

It'd taken a *lot* of persuading to get Willowtail to take her out training again. The tortoiseshell had insisted that the MoonClan cats were furious at her, that they were demanding Swiftstar assign another cat as Frostpaw's mentor.

"Feathermist told Swiftstar not to, she wants you as my mentor," Frostpaw had pressed. "*Please*, Willowtail?"

Willowtail had finally relented, and here they were, the sun casting golden beams across the sky, just about to set, high above the ground, perched atop trees.

Frostpaw knew how to climb trees just fine, but now it was time for her to master fighting in them, whether that be leaping down from above onto an enemy or combat in the sky. She really hoped that she'd never have to do the latter; she was terrible at it, unable to keep a good enough balance to launch an attack.

"Okay, I'm going to jump at you, try to knock me off." Willowtail crouched down, leaping towards her apprentice.

Frostpaw lifted a paw from the branch, trying to swipe at the tortoiseshell, but instead lost balance herself, tipping sideways. In that, Willowtail managed to knock the white she-cat's legs out from beneath her, making the apprentice collapse before quickly helping her up to assure she didn't fall off.

"That was better," the tortoiseshell mewed optimistically. "You

managed to attempt an attack this time!"

Frostpaw smiled weakly, something that didn't quite meet her eyes. Her mind was distracted, to say the least, thinking of her last vision. She didn't remember a tom from WaterClan whose name began with 'Red', no clue of who the present version of Redpaw could be. She thought of asking Willowtail, but even she knew her curiosity had limits.

"Let's head back to camp," Willowtail meowed, leaping off of the tree, Frostpaw climbing down after her. "I'm sure Swiftstar and Rockfur will be making an announcement about tonight's Gathering."

Frostpaw's ears stood up. "Oh, right! I completely forgot about that!" She'd been so focused on everything that's happened the fact that a moon has passed completely slipped her mind.

To her, an announcement seemed pointless. Surely they won't be going to the Gathering, especially not in the middle of a war? Knowing WaterClan, the chances of them sitting down and having a civil conversation, including sharing the status of their Clan for the past moon, seemed low. Why bother?

But apparently, Swiftstar and Rockfur aren't thinking the same way as Frostpaw.

"Tonight, we will be attending the Gathering."

As soon as the words came out of Swiftstar's jaws, yowls of protest and gasps of worry filled the camp, but the MoonClan leader silenced it all with a twitch of her pelt.

"After careful consideration, Rockfur-"

"We," Rockfur corrected.

"-*We*," Swiftstar continued, giving the deputy a look, "have decided that going to the Gathering is the better option."

"Not only are we honoring a tradition StarClan has laid down for us," Rockfur mewed, stepping up and taking over the speech, "We'll

also be given the chance to converse with WaterClan under the eyes of our ancestors. We might be able to figure out a solution that would put an end to all the fighting. Plus, we can't let WaterClan see how much they've affected us. If they're going to the Gathering, there's no chance we're backing down!"

Cheers rang through the clearing after Rockfur's words.

"I understand you're all worried should a fight break out," the gray tom went on, "but there's no need. We'll be taking extra cats on our Gathering patrol."

"We will?" Swiftstar's head whipped around, tail-tip twitching. "I'm afraid I wasn't informed about that."

Frostpaw's heart almost hammered out of her chest at the stare-off between leader and deputy. If they didn't provide a united front, it would be hard for the MoonClan cats to follow them.

Finally, Swiftstar broke away, clearing her throat. "But that's a lovely idea, Rockfur, and that we shall do. Now, if you would please select the cats that's on the Gathering patrol?"

The deputy dipped his head and stepped up, ratting off a list of names. Frostpaw's ears pricked eagerly, hoping to hear her own, only to find that she wasn't chosen. Disappointment funneled through her as she glanced sideways at Fernpaw; her friend wasn't picked, either, so at least they'd have each other to wallow in disappointment with.

When Rockfur finished, chatter arose in the camp instantly; cats began forming groups with their friends to talk about the event whilst the apprentices, like always, drifted together.

"Just wait until I get my claws on those mangy WaterClan cats!" Skypaw snarled. "I can't wait to make them pay for what they've done to us!"

"Calm down," Fawnpaw laughed, flicking her best friend's ears gently with her tail. "This is supposed to be a peaceful meeting, remember? We're trying to *end* the fighting."

"As if!" Skypaw spat. "Just how many times have we tried to talk things out with WaterClan? It's never worked, and it will never work! Mark my words, a fight will break out tonight."

Blackpaw looked worried. "Hopefully not. Hopefully they want peace as much as we do."

Stormpaw nodded. "And even if not, hopefully they value StarClan enough to not fight in their presence."

"Ugh, I wish I were going!" Fernpaw complained. "This'll be the most exciting Gathering of the year! I can't believe Dad didn't choose me!"

"Can't show favoritism, hmm?" Blackpaw teased. "But don't worry, Fernpaw, you won't miss anything other than Troutstar spilling mouse-dung and accusing us of things we didn't do."

To this, Skypaw gave a firm nod of agreement.

"Well, you guys had better get going," Frostpaw pointed out, flicking her tail at the entrance, where the patrol was already gathering. "You'll fill us in when you return, won't you?"

"Of course!" Fawnpaw assured.

"It'll be the first thing we do tomorrow morning," Blackpaw called, beginning to head after Skypaw for the patrol.

"Tomorrow morning? No way! First thing you do when you come home tonight!" Fernpaw insisted. "It's what you made us do last time!"

Blackpaw rolled his eyes, knowing his sister was very well going to hold him to it.

Frostpaw let out a purr, watching as the patrol disappeared from her view. "I'm going to head to bed, I want to make sure I get as much rest as possible," the white she-cat meowed to Fernpaw. "Willowtail's training me again, and I know she's going to want to do the hardest things to make up for lost time."

Fernpaw's whiskers twitched with amusement. "Well, go ahead, then. I'll be there soon, I just need to... er..."- the gray she-cat glanced around -"have another piece of mouse!"

Mind muddled with exhaustion, Frostpaw didn't notice nor question her friend's odd behavior. "Well, okay then. Goodnight."

Yawning, the white she-cat climbed up into the apprentices den. She had a nice night planned ahead; get into bed early, listen to the Gathering story once her friends return, and be bright and refreshed next morning for training.

But plans never seem to go the way they're supposed to.

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Word Count: 1192

[Edited]

Hi!! How's everyone doing? I haven't worked on this book in a *long* while, was working through a small writer's block, and really didn't enjoy working on this chapter too much. Not much action. I re-wrote this chapter, it's still not my favorite, but I'm somewhat satisfied with it. Anyway, thoughts?

Have an amazing day/night :)
~~~

chapter 29

A yowl was what Frostpaw heard first, what made her fur stand on its end. Her head jerked from her paws, belly rising and falling rapidly; from one glance outside, she could tell it was well into the night, moon-high, perhaps? Could it just be that the Gathering patrol's returning? But if so, why would they yowl?

Frostpaw's gaze traveled to her right, where Fernpaw's nest lay. Her friend was awake as well, green eyes stretched wide as she slowly pushed herself to her paws, creeping to the entrance of the den.

Then, a shriek pierced the air.

"WaterClan!"

Frostpaw and Fernpaw jumped out instantly, looking around the camp with wide eyes. It was still empty, thank StarClan, but the stench of fish was beginning to fill the clearing.

Warriors swept out of their dens, Whitefang in the lead, green eyes sleepy yet alert.

Deerfoot bounded into the camp, eyes wide. "WaterClan! They're coming! They'll be here any moment, saw them, scent-" She was stumbling over her words in panic. "What are we going to do?!"

Deerfoot's question brought much worry to every cat. Half their Clan was gone due to the Gathering patrol, not to mention StarClan knows when they'll return, plus the island's too far away to yowl for help.

"There's only one thing we can do." Leafsong stepped forward, eyes grim. "We need to fight, drive them out. We should move the kits up to the apprentices den, since WaterClan can't climb trees, but have a cat guard them there just in case-" She broke off, pelt rippling with embarrassment.

Frostpaw knew why. Leafsong was still considered a young warrior, such orders and plans ought to be left to a senior one, such as Whitefang. But the white tom only nodded for her to continue.

"Well... um, have Snowmist stay with the kits, maybe, to guard them," the brown she-cat meowed, "and get Birdflight to help fight, we'll need as many paws as possible. Oh, and try to fill up the hole, if that's possible."

Frostpaw hated to admit it, but Leafsong's ideas weren't bad for their time of crisis.

"That sounds good," Whitefang meowed. "Mistytail, go to the nursery and tell the queens about this plan. And maybe move the elders up as well, if they aren't able to climb, just guard their den. The rest of you, I want you to start finding things to block up the hole."

Instantly, cats sprung into action. Mistytail darted into the nursery, quickly retrieving the kits and queens as cats began to kick up dirt, throw in rocks, sticks, leaves - whatever that may keep WaterClan out.

Frostpaw doubted it would work, but it at the very least should hold back WaterClan for a little while, and that was what they needed for now. Hopefully hold them back long enough until the Gathering patrol returns with reinforcements.

"I may be old, but I can climb fine!" Ivyfrost's voice rang from the elders den as the gray she-cat stumbled out with a scowl. "In fact, I can help fight!"

"That won't be needed, Ivyfrost," Mistytail meowed as she attempted ushering Ivyfrost up the tree. "You've served MoonClan in past moons, now it's time for you to rest."

"Humph! Not much of a rest if you ask me!" Mousefoot drawled. "Back in my days, we would've attacked WaterClan's camp already, give them a taste of their medicine!"

"Yes, Mousefoot," Mistytail replied, nudging the elders to the

apprentices den.

But Mousefoot's words brought a question to Frostpaw's mind. Why *haven't* they attacked WaterClan's camp yet? Surely that'd be beneficial for them?

"Frostpaw," Whitefang called, padding up to his daughter, "I want you to go grab the Gathering patrol, okay? Tell Swiftstar and Rockfur what's going on, get them back here as quickly as possible. Take the trees, be careful."

"I will," the white she-cat assured, touching noses with her father quickly before scrambling up a tree and leaping out.

"*Quiet!*" a voice hissed as soon as Frostpaw landed on a branch outside of camp, shaking the leaves. She froze, before realizing it wasn't for her, glancing below her tree.

Her heart almost stopped beating at the sight. A group of WaterClan cats were clustered there, crouched in the darkness, waiting to jump, along with LightClan cats, the scent of rabbit just as thick as fish. Why, together, they must make up an entire Clan!

"You'll give us away!" the same voice growled.

"It wasn't me, it was something from the trees!" another voice protested.

"Anyway, where's that stupid entryway?"

"Should we just go? After all, MoonClan's preparing for us, they know we're here."

"No way! We don't have the element of surprise, so what? We still have our numbers. We'll never get a better chance than this, when *half* the Clan's away! Can't waste it."

"Thank StarClan for our spy."

Frostpaw's breath hitched at those words. Spy. So there was a spy. She didn't want to believe it, but it seemed she had no choice. WaterClan themselves confirmed it.

Frostpaw turned around, trembling, not wanting to listen to any more. She jumped away, branch to branch, paws shaking. Due to her lack of focus, she slipped up on a jump, and with a yelp, tumbled down to the ground.

Groaning, the white she-cat picked herself up, fear pounding through her. She could only hope that she was far enough away from the WaterClan patrol for them not to hear her slip-up. If they did...

She shook out her pelt, throwing herself for the nearest tree. It was dark in MoonClan's territory, even with the moonlight, she could only see clearly when she was perched atop a branch, not to mention the increased safety. Down on the ground in the shadows, she felt as though there were a pair of eyes stuck to her pelt.

Frostpaw had just dug into the tree when a pair of claws pierced her pelt. The white she-cat yelped in pain as the cat pulled her off and threw her down onto the ground, making her groan. She didn't have a chance to react before her attacker was on her once more, claws slashing her fur.

Frostpaw tensed, rolling around, trying to get a look at the attacker. Kicking the cat off, she jumped to her paws, and in the dim moonlight, just managed to make out the cat who'd pounced on her.

Ivypaw.

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Word Count: 1031

[Edited]

Hello! Much happier with this chapter, though the beginning's a tad awkward haha. I was definitely trying to avoid a fighting scene by sending Frostpaw out to collect the Gathering patrol, but I guess she'll have one anyway with Ivypaw. But in my opinion, it's way more interesting this way!! On another topic, who do you think the spy is? I know I've already asked this question, but I wonder if your answers changed?
~~~

Have a wonderful day/night :)

chapter 30

Frostpaw found herself trembling with fear. Her last battle with Ivypaw was still fresh in her mind, memories of how the WaterClan apprentice had sent her into the medicine den for days. She didn't wish to repeat that, especially with no Clanmates around her to help.

"So we meet again." A small smirk carved itself onto Ivypaw's face. "Just had so much fun last time, didn't we?"

At the black she-cat's words, Frostpaw found anger slowly melting away the fear. "What are you doing here, Ivypaw? Shouldn't you be at our camp with your Clanmates, attacking us?"

"Oh, I could do that, but why not follow you instead?" Ivypaw shrugged. "Much easier for me, an easy win."

Frostpaw growled. "Your mentor will be searching for you."

"Graypelt's a respected warrior, but he's growing old, forgetful," Ivypaw responded smoothly, "He won't notice I'm gone, and will, if anything, congratulate me for taking down a MoonClan apprentice. I already know my Clan's going to take down your camp, might as well end your Clan's only chance of help too."

Frostpaw lashed her tail. "How'd you even find me?"

Ivypaw chuckled. "It wasn't exactly hard now, was it? Your pelt's white, hard to blend in with the dark, you rustled the leaves on the branch, *and* you stood right where the moonlight shone the brightest. Your Clan should really send another cat out next time, should they ever survive tonight."

Rage blinded Frostpaw, gaze flashing red. With a furious yowl, she jumped forward, bowling Ivypaw over, claws digging into her black fur.

She'd never felt like this before, such anger, a crave for revenge. Revenge for what Ivypaw had done to her, revenge for her Clan. WaterClan needed to get a taste of their own medicine.

But Ivypaw, being older and more skilled than Frostpaw was, quickly flipped them over so that the MoonClan apprentice was the one struggling beneath her. Frostpaw slashed at the black she-cat, but Ivypaw dodged simply, keeping her firmly pinned.

"Now, now, I wouldn't do that if I were you," Ivypaw mocked when Frostpaw opened her jaws to call for help. "My Clanmates are much closer than yours, not to mention they have a higher chance of hearing us. If you yowl, you're not going to get the reinforcement you wanted." Her green eyes flashed as she swatted her paw.

Pain seared through Frostpaw as she kicked upwards, just managing to throw Ivypaw off. She stumbled to her paws, blood seeping through her pelt, red tainting white.

Ivypaw's lips pulled into a snarl as she jumped on top of Frostpaw once more. "That wasn't very nice, was it?" She towered over the white she-cat, and in that moment Frostpaw felt certain that she was going to die. "Didn't being a kittypet teach you any manners?"

Ivypaw raised a paw, about to strike down, when suddenly she was knocked sideways and off of Frostpaw with a yelp. Now, standing in the WaterClan apprentice's place was Leafsong, guarding over Frostpaw, tail lashing.

"Shouldn't you be with your Clanmates?" the brown she-cat spat at Ivypaw.

Ivypaw narrowed her eyes. She looked slightly more intimidated about the fact that a warrior was here, but didn't back down. "Where they're attacking your camp? Oh, I'd gladly join them."

Leafsong growled. "Well, you want a fight? Why don't you challenge someone with actual skill instead of a weak cat who you know you'll win against."

"Hey!" Frostpaw protested with a scowl, climbing to her paws.

The MoonClan warrior whipped her head over, green gaze blazing. "You can't stay out of trouble for even a moment, can you? I thought we shouldn't trust the most important part of the plan to an incompetent apprentice, which is why I followed you, and it turns out I was correct!"

"Well I was *just about* to win the fight," Frostpaw informed Leafsong falsely, "and I would've sent Ivypaw yowling, then gotten Swiftstar."

"Yeah, right," Ivypaw scoffed.

At the same time, Leafsong snarked, "Didn't look like that from where I was watching."

Frostpaw narrowed her gaze at her Clanmate. "Whose side are you on?!"

Leafsong rolled her eyes. "Just go get Swiftstar already. I'll keep Ivypaw busy."

The black she-cat snarled as Frostpaw made a move for a tree. Ivypaw darted forward, claws snagging into the white she-cat's pelt, but Leafsong knocked her away once more, bowling her over into a ball of fur and claws, leaving Frostpaw free to climb.

The white she-cat didn't hesitate to scale up the tree, ignoring the stabs of pain from her wounds. She jumped from branch to branch as quickly as she could without losing balance, making it to the island in no time.

There it is. Relief filled Frostpaw when the lake came into sight. *I'd better hurry, who knows how the camp's doing.*

Just as Frostpaw was about to sail to another tree, the branches rustled, and out appeared a dark silhouette.

The white she-cat yelped in fear, sliding out her claws quickly in case it was an attacker, before stupidly realizing that neither LightClan or WaterClan cats were able to climb trees.

"Frostpaw? What are you doing here?" It was Blackpaw, his blue eyes glimmering with confusion. "What's going on?"

"Frostpaw? You're not supposed to be here!" Skypaw appeared after the black tom, tail lashing. "You are going to be in *so* much trouble! *Mom*!" The gray tabby sent her yowl across the trees, trying to reach Feathermist.

"Yes, but it's not the time for that!" Frostpaw hissed. "WaterClan, they've attacked our camp! Where's Swiftstar?"

Blackpaw's eyes flashed with anxiety. "She's somewhere up ahead, she should be on her way back."

"Okay, I'll go find her, tell her to hurry. Could you two try spreading the news?" Frostpaw turned around, leaping from branch to branch, trying to track down her leader or deputy. Lucky for her, she found them both padding calmly up ahead.

"That Gathering went surprisingly well," Swiftstar meowed, "Troutstar certainly had a lot to say, though."

"He always has a lot to say, believe me, I grew up with him," Rockfur scoffed.

"No, it just seemed weird, like he was stalling. Much of his words had nothing to do with the topic," Swiftstar observed, before her pelt spiked. "You don't think...?"

Rockfur shook his head. "No way, he'd never attack on a Gathering night. But say, do you want to take a detour to WaterClan's borders, just to check it over?"

"I suppose that'd be helpful," Swiftstar replied, about to avert her path away from camp when Frostpaw decided she'd heard enough.

She jumped in, startling both leader and deputy.

"Frostpaw?" Swiftstar's eyes widened, but the white she-cat didn't give the leader the chance to barrel her with questions.

"WaterClan's attacking!"

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Word Count: 1086

[Edited]

If I can avoid it, I'm definitely getting Frostpaw out of fighting scenes. I just really don't enjoy writing them, I feel like it's boring to read & create, so might as well skip it if it doesn't offer any important development & information, right? Don't really know, the ending of this chapter was pretty boring as well, so maybe it would've been better to just go with a fighting scene, but I enjoyed writing the Ivypaw & Leafsong bit!! Those two are pretty snarky, but I do really like writing about them! Their personalities are quite similar!

Have a lovely day/night :)

[P.S.] On the old version, this chapter had *2,000+ words* and at the bottom for my author's note I said it was a filler. Why the heck was I writing a 2,000 word filler?? Most of my old chapters are longer than the present ones, but 2,000 words with no development in the chapter? Past me certainly had a lot to say with not much content in it.

chapter 31

"Get out, and *stay out*!" Leafsong's yowl rang loudly throughout the camp as she chased the WaterClan and LightClan cats out of the clearing.

Cheers erupted throughout the MoonClan cats, relief seeping through them at having driven their enemies out.

Swiftstar was fuming. "I *can't* believe them! On the night of a full moon, under the watchful eyes of StarClan! Oh, for StarClan's sake-" She broke off, recomposing herself. "Leafsong, Cherryheart, Heatherstorm, Sagepelt, Eagleheart, if you don't mind seeing our *guests* out."

"No problem, Swiftstar," Leafsong assured, "we'll make sure they get back to their territory."

Eagleheart flicked his tail, leading the patrol out.

"The rest of you should get some rest," Swiftstar meowed, "try to make-do with whatever we've got left"- her gaze scanned the destroyed camp with a wince -"we'll work on rebuilding tomorrow."

The MoonClan leader flicked her tail, about to dismiss the Clan, but Robinclaw called out before she could.

"What about *attacking*?"

Swiftstar frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, what about attacking WaterClan's camp? Getting back at them for what they've done to us?" Robinclaw lashed his tail. "You can't possibly expect us to just sit here and take the attacks, can you? This is the second time we've had to rebuild the camp, and we haven't launched a single attack on them!"

"We're trying to play it safe, keep it low," Swiftstar explained, "but Leafstar and I are working on a plan, one that'll end WaterClan for

good. We're going to let WaterClan relax, think that we're not going to attack them, then-"

"Well how long until that happens?" Rockfur twitched his pelt. "We need a plan, and we need it now!" He stepped up to the Highledge. "I have an idea. We should start pushing the borders over onto WaterClan's side. Everyday when we do border patrol, push a little, and if there's conflict, we'll fight and win."

Swiftstar narrowed her eyes. "Rockfur, could we discuss this idea in private, please?"

But the damage was done. Robinclaw was the first to start chanting Rockfur's name, supporting his idea, and before long much of the Clan joined in.

"Rockfur should lead us!" Robinclaw yowled. "He'll bring us to victory, or at the very least, peace! Who knows where we'll get with Swiftstar!"

"Swiftstar is the rightful and chosen leader!" Feathermist's voice broke through the chants, blue eyes glimmering with disgust. "You need to trust her! She knows what she's doing!"

"Clearly not well enough, we're *losing*," Robinclaw spat.

Arguments erupted throughout the camp, cats yowling so loudly one could barely hear themselves think. Frostpaw couldn't believe what was happening. It wasn't the fact that the Clan was dividing into two parts that shocked her, but rather the fact that around half the Clan supported having Swiftstar dethroned.

How are we going to fight together if half of us don't even support our leader?

"*Silence!*" Swiftstar lashed her tail, bringing a blanket of quiet over the clearing. "Whether or not you agree with my plan, it's what me and Leafstar have decided on. We can't just leap into battles without consulting our ally, not to mention discussing it with the leader." To this, she shot Rockfur a glare. "And more than that, for now, I am your leader, not Rockfur, and we'll be going with the plans Leafstar

and I have conjured up."

"Your plans are getting us nowhere!" Sandpelt called out.

Swiftstar's blue glare swept the camp. "If that's the case, then we'll discuss new ideas, but my plan hasn't even been tried out yet. How do you know it won't work?"

"Because they're the ones that always attack us and leave us harmed, and we never do anything! Because we're losing!"

"Temporarily," Swiftstar corrected, "WaterClan may be winning the battles, but we'll win the war, that I promise you. Now, I'd like every cat to head to bed, and if you wish to discuss this more, we can do so in the morning."

The crowd slowly began to disperse, cats disappearing into their respective dens, a thick layer of tension between everyone.

"What's Dad doing?" Fernpaw's soft mutter didn't fly past Frostpaw's ears as she spoke to her brother. "Why's he undermining Swiftstar?"

"I don't know, Fernpaw, every cat has their different ideas," Blackpaw replied quietly, "all I know is that I don't care who's idea we use, I just want to get out of this war as quickly as possible."

Frostpaw didn't join in on the conversation; it was a delicate subject, her opinions on Rockfur rather... not positive, just say that.

The white she-cat padded after the littermates, following them back into the apprentices den, entering a night of uneasy sleep.

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"Let every cat gather around the Highledge for a Clan meeting!"

"Oh, Great StarClan," Redberry's mew was muffled with the poultice, "sit still, Frostpaw, we're almost done!"

"But the Clan meeting-" The white she-cat shot a glance outside of the den.
~~~

"Do you want your wounds healed or not?"

With that, Frostpaw stopped twitching, letting Redberry finish applying the poultice, releasing a sigh of relief at the feeling.

"There we go," the medicine cat meowed, backing away, "now come on, let's go see what's going on."

The two padded outside, noticing the crowd that's already formed around the ledge. Hawkkit and Violetkit stood at the foot, chests puffed.

"It must be their apprentice ceremony!" Frostpaw realized, finding a spot beside Fernpaw.

"Yup, and not just that, Fawnpaw's becoming a warrior today," her friend filled her in, "she just passed her assessment this morning!"

Frostpaw purred. "Well, congratulations to her! I suppose the Clan needs some good news after everything that's been going on."

"Yup, and guess what? Whitefang told me Blackpaw and I were going to be taking our warriors assessment soon, too! I can't wait!" Fernpaw's eyes sparkled eagerly.

"Leafsong, I'd like you to be Hawkpaw's mentor." Swiftstar's voice brought the friends back onto the ceremony. "You have many excellent qualities, and I'm sure Hawkpaw will turn out to be a fabulous warrior."

The ceremony continued, giving Violetpaw Heatherstorm as her mentor and Fawnpaw receiving the warrior name of Fawncloud.

Frostpaw raised her head, yowling her friend's name loudly along with the newest apprentices'. She couldn't wait to get to know them better!

"Okay, that's all, every cat's dismissed-"

"Wait!" Before Swiftstar could send everybody off to their duties for the day, Rockfur cut in, stepping forward. "I'd like to announce one more thing."

The cream-colored she-cat twitched her pelt, staring at her deputy. "And what would that be?"

"Blackpaw and Fernpaw will also be receiving their warrior names today."

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Word Count: 1056

[Edited]

Didn't want this chapter to get too long, so I'll leave you on this cliffhanger, if it counts as a cliffhanger, hehe. So, what are your thoughts? Would love to hear predictions!

Have a fabulous day/night :)
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chapter 32

Frostpaw felt her eyes widen in shock, Fernpaw's muscles stiffening up from beside her. Gasps of surprise rose from amongst the cats, gaze pinned on leader and deputy, minds spinning, just wondering how Swiftstar would react.

The cream-colored she-cat's pelt was spiked, looking as though she was forcing herself to stay calm. "What? May I ask why? They haven't passed their warrior ceremony yet."

"Well, chances are, when they take it, they'll pass. Plus, it's almost time for them to become warriors anyway, might as well make it a little sooner. We need as many warriors as possible right now for the war, don't we?"

Swiftstar's face twisted into a pained smile. "Yes, indeed, that's a good point, but don't you think this is something we should've discussed beforehand?"

Rockfur shrugged. "Thought of it in the moment. *Anyway*, Blackpaw, Fernpaw, come up here."

The littermates exchanged looks of utter shock before glancing at Swiftstar. When their leader gave an approving nod, they began to climb up to the Highledge, looking rather awkward.

Swiftstar cleared her throat. "I, Swiftstar, leader of MoonClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these apprentices. They've worked hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in their turn.

"Fernpaw, Blackpaw, do you promise to uphold the Warrior Code and defend and protect your Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"I do," the two answered.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior names.

Fernpaw, Blackpaw, from this point on, you shall be known as Fernleap and Blackfang. StarClan honors your bravery and loyalty."

"Fernleap! Blackfang!"

Through her shock, Frostpaw raised her head, yowling out her friends' names, mind spinning. She still hadn't wrapped her head around the idea that she and Fernleap would no longer be sharing a den, that her friend's a warrior now. It seemed so surreal.

For a ceremony that's supposed to be considered one of the best moments in a warrior's life, Frostpaw thought that Fernleap and Blackfang looked rather mortified.

"That will be all," Swiftstar announced once the cheering had quieted down, "unless Rockfur has an announcement that he'd like Skypaw and Frostpaw to become warriors too?" The last bit was added on quietly, a soft snark in Swiftstar's turn, but didn't go missed by Frostpaw's ears.

"Congratulations!" the white she-cat chirped when her friends climbed down to the bottom of the Highledge.

"Hardly," Blackfang muttered with an awkward look glazing his eyes, "we didn't even take the warriors assessment!"

"Exactly!" Fernleap agreed hotly. "Now every cat's going to think that we only became warriors because our *Dad* gave us special treatment, that we don't deserve it! For StarClan's sake, even *I* think that!"

Frostpaw ruffled her pelt. "That's not true," she soothed. "You two are amazing fighters and hunters! You would've passed the warriors assessment with ease! You became warriors earlier because you're just that good!"

Cats soon began to swarm around, offering congratulations to the new warriors and apprentices. Fernleap and Blackfang accepted all of theirs with an embarrassed lick of their chest fur.

"I bet Hawkpaw will turn out to be a better warrior than Frostpaw."

Leafsong's taunting voice traveled towards the white she-cat, making her whip her head around instantly to see if Leafsong was insulting her. To her surprise, the brown she-cat had a glimmer of playfulness in her green gaze, staring challengingly at Willowtail.

"Now that I've got an apprentice of my own, perhaps it's time to see who's the better mentor."

Willowtail scoffed, a replica of tease in her eyes. "Oh, that hardly seems fair, Frostpaw's got moons of training on Hawkpaw."

"So that's a yes on the challenge?"

"Why not? I can't pass up an easy win." Willowtail turned around, scanning the camp, searching for her apprentice. "Frostpaw, we need to start training soon!"

"Coming, Willowtail!"

The white she-cat shuddered, imagining all the tough things Willowtail was going to put her through. Though the competition itself had no spite, just a playful challenge, the tortoiseshell was extremely competitive. It didn't matter that Frostpaw was already more experienced than Hawkpaw; it was certain that Frostpaw's work intensity was going to be upped.

"Well, on the bright side, at least you don't need to suffer through your mentors' training anymore," Frostpaw chirped, trying to cheer the littermates up. "I'll see you when I get back." She turned to leave, but Fernleap called her back.

"Wait! Before you go, I have something I need to tell you."

"Hmm?"

"Follow me," Fernleap instructed, picking herself up and padding away. Frostpaw hurried after her, confusion taking over the white she-cat's senses. The duo's disappearance went unnoticed, all the cats too preoccupied with their own things.

"What's up?" Frostpaw asked once Fernleap stopped, the two hidden behind a spiky bush. "I don't think I have much time to talk,

Willowtail's still busy with Leafsong, but their conversation is going to wrap up soon, and I-"

"I know," Fernleap interrupted, "I'll make this quick." She sucked in a deep breath. "I think..." The gray she-cat broke off, tail-tip twitching, thinking of the best way to present this. "Frostpaw, you remember how I told you Swiftstar thinks that there's a traitor?"

"Mhm?"

"It got me thinking too. Everything Swiftstar says about the traitor makes sense, plus on the recent attack... Well, Clan cats normally try to keep it peaceful on the full moon, right? What are the chances that Troutstar sends an attack patrol that night, or that half the Clan's gone that night, or that we go to the Gathering at all with the war?"

Frostpaw interrupted gently. "Fernleap, if you're trying to convince me that there's a traitor, I know." She quickly recalled the story of her overhearing the WaterClan cats' conversation whilst she was above the tree.

Fernleap's ears twitched with shock. "I just..." She trailed off, before quickly snapping back. "Frostpaw, listen, I think I may have a guess on who that traitor is. I've had that guess ever since Swiftstar first announced the traitor prediction, and I didn't want to tell anyone, because they wouldn't believe me and would call me a liar and it's just a conflict of interest or whatever. You're the only cat who might believe me, so-"

"What happened to keeping this quick?" the white she-cat mewed playfully, trying to calm her friend down, giving Fernleap's ears a gentle flick. "Don't worry, whatever you say, you know I'll believe you."

"Okay, well..." Fernleap took a deep breath. "I think the traitor's Rockfur."

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Word Count: 1060
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[Edited]

Hello!! Thoughts on this chapter? Do you think Fernleap's prediction is correct? Let me know! Also, I'm probably going to write Fernleap & Blackfang as Fernpaw & Blackpaw somewhere down the line (or maybe forget Blackfang's warrior name completely) so if I ever do make that mistake, please call me out!

Have a fantastic day/night :)

chapter 33

"*Rockfur?*" Frostpaw jerked backwards, ears twitching, thinking that she'd heard Fernleap wrong. "But he's your father! *And* MoonClan's deputy!"

"I know, I know, I've already thought about that," Fernleap mewed, voice sounding miserable. "I just can't believe- but all the evidence points to him-"

"I believe you, don't worry," Frostpaw soothed. "Listen, I-"

"Frostpaw!" Willowtail's yowl broke off whatever the white she-cat was about to say.

Frostpaw glanced to the clearing, where her mentor was waiting. "Mouse-dung! I need to go. Listen, we'll talk about this when I get back, okay?"

Fernleap nodded. "Alight, see you then."

The white she-cat turned from her friend, bounding towards Willowtail, knowing that another session was going to be spent with her mind wandering away from the training.

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"Alright, you did pretty well today," Willowtail mewed. "We certainly caught a lot of prey! Okay, I'll dig up the ones here, and you can go get the prey we buried over there."

Frostpaw twitched her pelt in acknowledgement. "Sure." She hurried to where her mentor had pointed, leaping over a few bushes, out of the tortoiseshell's sight.

Willowtail had been exaggerating when she said that Frostpaw did well. The white she-cat's worst subject was hunting, and added together with the news Fernleap had told her... Well, bottom line, Willowtail was the one who caught most of the prey.
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Frostpaw was nearing WaterClan's border, the thick scent of fish breezing towards her, causing her to shudder. She began to unbury the prey, feeling guilt wash through her. Then, she heard a rustle followed by a flash of black fur.

A mouse! Frostpaw pelt twitched eagerly. *Maybe I can make up for my bad performance with an extra piece of prey! It certainly wouldn't hurt.*

The white she-cat crouched down, edging nearer and nearer, careful to keep her paw steps light. The mouse wasn't in her sight line anymore, but she was certain it was still in the bushes; all she had to do was land on top of it.

Taking a deep breath, Frostpaw pounced, feeling a surge of triumph when she felt her claws dig into something furry.

That triumph faded quickly, for Frostpaw's catch was followed by a yowl of pain. From a cat. A voice that the white she-cat recognized easily.

Frostpaw's heart dropped, her mind piecing everything together. "Oops." Her voice came out as nothing but a troubled whisper, beginning to tip-toe around the bush.

What greeted her on the other side was an angry black she-cat, green eyes blazing. "Oops," Ivypaw mocked with a snarl.

Fear pounded through Frostpaw. She did the first, impulsive thing she could think of.

"*Willowtail!*"

This was, after all, the cat who'd almost ripped her guts out. The cat who had beaten her as easily as breathing. It wasn't irrational for her to be scared, especially after Frostpaw had just pounced on Ivypaw's tail, thinking that it'd been a mouse. The white she-cat was certain that the WaterClan apprentice would soon jump on her and turn her into pulp.

Frostpaw winced, bracing herself for the attack, but none came.

Why wasn't Ivypaw attacking?

"You mouse-brain!" Ivypaw's voice hissed. "Ever think before your decisions before acting on them?"

"Well, I-" Frostpaw broke off with a frown. "Not that I'm complaining, but why aren't you attacking me?"

Ivypaw lashed her tail. "You got eyes, don't you? Use them!"

Frostpaw studied the black she-cat, eyes traveling across her form, before landing on her legs, one of which was twisted the wrong way and bloody. "Oh."

"Oh indeed," Ivypaw muttered with a roll of her eyes.

"Frostpaw, what's wrong?"

Willowtail's voice boomed through the clearing; moments later, her tortoiseshell pelt appeared, eyes widening at the sight of Ivypaw.

"*You!*" Willowtail's claws slid out with a snarl. "What are you doing here? WaterClan cats aren't welcome." She stiffened, as though expecting patrols of cats to leap through the bushes and attack.

"Clam down," Ivypaw mewed, looking not at all intimidated. "It's not an attack, I just got injured and can't walk. Got stuck in the undergrowth and tripped."

"What do we do?" Frostpaw turned to her mentor in question, head tilted.

Willowtail sighed. "Well, we can't just leave her here, but I'm not going to step foot into WaterClan's territory. If we escort her back to camp, it's like offering them two free prisoners. We need to bring her to ours."

"No way!" Ivypaw hissed, lashing out her claws. "I'm not going to MoonClan's camp and becoming a prisoner!"

"We're not going to capture you!" Willowtail snapped. "We're bringing you back to heal you! Now, you're too far away from

WaterClan's border to call for help or to limp there yourself, so let me ask you a question. Would you rather spend a few nights in MoonClan's camp or die out here?"

"Fine," Ivypaw muttered.

Willowtail twitched her pelt, ordering Frostpaw in position. The two got on either side of Ivypaw, crouching down, then lifted her up, supporting her. The black she-cat winced in pain as they moved forward, slowly but surely, trying to avoid all the undergrowth.

The climb uphill was treacherous. Frostpaw had only traveled to camp once on foot, when she'd first come to MoonClan's land. That in itself was hard, not to mention the difficulty only increased when she was carrying a bad-tempered enemy.

"We're here," Willowtail announced when they reached the thorn wall. "How about I let you lead the way, Ivypaw, I'm sure you're really familiar with where the hole is."

The black she-cat rolled her eyes, crawling through, followed by the MoonClan cats.

The reaction from Frostpaw's Clanmates were as expected: gasps of surprise and staring eyes, quickly followed by questions and ending up with Swiftstar's appearance, interviewing Ivypaw.

But Frostpaw wasn't focused on any of that. All her mind could think about was Ivypaw and Willowtail's interactions. It was all... odd, to say the least. She'd never seen her mentor act that way before, so quick-tempered. Yes, it was easy to say that the reasoning was perhaps because Ivypaw was an enemy, but there seemed to be something more personal behind Willowtail's tone.

And Ivypaw. Frostpaw remembered when Leafsong had showed up to save her, Ivypaw had backed down, or, at the very least, shown some sign of intimidation. With Willowtail, there was none, even though she was injured and unable to walk, much less fight. It was as though she knew Willowtail wouldn't hurt her.

All this left the white she-cat wondering more about Willowtail's

history.

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Word Count: 1042

[Edited]

Hello, hello, hello! There are bits in this chapter that don't flow as well as I'd like, but I'm going to let it go because it's pretty eventful! But nonetheless, thoughts? Would love to hear what you think, and would absolutely appreciate it so much if you voted!

Have a wonderful day/night :)
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chapter 34

Frostpaw twitched her ears, tuning herself back into Swiftstar's interrogation. The MoonClan leader had just asked a question the white she-cat was very interested in knowing the answer to.

"And just why were you on our land, if not for an attack?"

"Well, I..." Ivypaw broke off, twitching her pelt nervously. "I know I'm not supposed to, I'm really sorry, but I was hunting on your land. I was desperate, my Clan was starving, I couldn't bear to see it, I'm so sorry."

Frostpaw narrowed her eyes. She may not know Ivypaw personally, but she knew the black she-cat long enough to see that the story wasn't the truth, or at least, the entire truth. Clearly, Swiftstar didn't buy the tale either.

But beneath the fake anxiety in Ivypaw's gaze, a firm determination laid beneath it, showing that they weren't going to get the truth out of her, no matter what they did.

Swiftstar spotted that too. "Alright, then. Well, Ivypaw, you can stay with us until you're ready to leave. While she's here"- Swiftstar scanned the camp -"Frostpaw, can you take care of her?"

The white she-cat's jaw dropped open. *Why me?!* She wanted to protest, but it was clear that Swiftstar's question wasn't really a question, so she dipped her head in acceptance.

"Very well, I'd better let Troutstar know that you're here, Ivypaw. Rockfur, Feathermist, Deerfoot, come with me."

Swiftstar jumped off of the ledge, glancing around, before noticing only two of the three cats she called were following her. "Where's Rockfur?"

"On a walk, he told me," Cottonfur called out, repeating what her

mate had told her to the leader.

Swiftstar's pelt twitched impatiently. "We need to let Troutstar know as soon as possible. Alright, then, Eagleheart, fill in for Rockfur-"

"Did I hear my name?" The MoonClan deputy entered the camp, eyes drawn in confusion as he scanned his Clanmates' faces. "What's wrong?" His eyes finally landed on Ivypaw before letting out a soft, "Oh."

"Come with us, Rockfur," Swiftstar meowed, "we're telling Troutstar that Ivypaw's staying with us until her leg's better. Unless he wants to send a patrol to pick her up, of course." It was clear from her tone that she hoped the WaterClan leader would do the latter. "Let's go."

As soon as the patrol disappeared from the clearing, chatter from the MoonClan cats burst instantly, eyes widened, whispering wildly to one another as they shot Ivypaw odd looks.

Frostpaw cleared her throat awkwardly, padding over to the WaterClan apprentice. "C'mon, I'll show you to the medicine den."

Stormpaw hurried over to help her, and together, they brought Ivypaw over to the boulder. Redberry began fussing over the black she-cat instantly, her herbs already prepared, and quickly dismissed Frostpaw.

"You can bring Ivypaw a mouse later," Redberry instructed.

With a dip of her head, Frostpaw exited the den, humming a happy tune. She always hated the medicine den, with its heavy herb scents, and a grouchy WaterClan apprentice didn't make it any better. Leaving the boulder always felt like a breath of fresh air.

But her joy didn't last long. Anxiety pummeled Frostpaw as she remembered Fernleap's words to her this morning. The white she-cat scanned the camp, trying to spot Fernleap, but her friend's gray pelt was nowhere in sight.

Frostpaw sighed, a sudden wave of exhaustion running through her.

Everything has been so intense lately. The war was expected to be, sure, but with the new variable of a spy, surprise attacks from WaterClan, harsh training, and now Ivypaw... She needed a break.

The white she-cat padded to a tree, curling up and shutting her eyes. Whenever Fernleap returned to camp she could wake Frostpaw up, and then they could talk. But until then... Well, Frostpaw was going to nap.

As soon as the white she-cat closed her eyes, she fell into a deep sleep.

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The sound of mewling hunger pierced Frostpaw's ears, making her heart wretch. *Poor things.*

It only took a moment for Frostpaw to understand what was happening. Another dream, another vision, another memory. One that she watched from another cat's eyes. She's had enough of these to recognize them instantly.

From one glance down at her pelt, Frostpaw saw a familiar gray pelt: Fernstream's. Okay, so the vision was from Fernstream's point of view.

Looking to her right, the sight of four kits was presented. Frostpaw recognized three of them with ease: Rockkit, Troutkit, and Redkit. The last one looked... familiar, but she couldn't place her paw on it. In fact, the entire scene looked familiar.

Wait.

Frostpaw pricked her ears, listening.

Thump thump.

Paw steps.

Excitement burrowed through Frostpaw. She knew this scene, she remembered this scene. She'd seen it once from the father's point of view, but now that she was watching from Fernstream's, it meant
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only one thing: she'd be able to find out who Rockfur's father is.

Fernstream's next words only confirmed the fact.

"Now, now, kits, I know you're hungry, but your father's going to be back from hunting soon," the gray she-cat mewed kindly, giving Troutkit's head a lick. "You'll get something to eat soon, now don't you worry."

Fernstream let out a hum, wrapping herself around her kits. "I know it's hard now, but pretty soon, we'll have an established camp with a full prey-pile. Or, maybe we'll travel the road. Either way, you four will grow up and learn to hunt and fight. Then, everything will be a lot easier. Every cat can pitch in, and we won't go hungry ever again."

Fernstream sounded like she was trying to convince herself more than her kits, who probably couldn't understand what she was saying yet. But even though life was tough at the moment, it was clear she didn't want to turn back. Everything she just told her kits wasn't just an attempt of comfort, it was a promise.

Everything was tough, but she was more than willing to go down this road if it meant spending the rest of her life with the cat she loved and her four kits. She couldn't wait to watch them grow up and teach them skills, tell them stories about the Clans.

The bushes in front of her rustled. Fernstream parted her jaws, scenting the air in case it was something dangerous, before relaxing. "Oh, your father's back!"

Frostpaw almost felt her heart beat out of her chest. Here it comes. The mystery of Rockfur's father would finally be solved.

The undergrowth parted, and padding forward into the clearing was Sunstar.

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Word Count: 1053

[Edited]
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Hi!! Didn't really know what to write for the second half of this chapter, so why not another dream? So, thoughts on this chapter? It's definitely not my favorite, but I'm honestly happy that I finished it, so I'm probably not going to go for a re-write LOL.

Have an amazing day/night :)

chapter 35

Frostpaw startled awake from her dream, panting. *Can't I have just one peaceful nap?*

She shook out her pelt before climbing to her paws, looking around. It was sunset, her Clanmates gathered around in the clearing, sharing prey and tongues. Yet Fernleap was nowhere to be found.

Frostpaw yawned and stretched, padding to the prey-pile. She was hungry, and it was time to get Ivypaw something to eat, too.

At the pile she spotted Echokit, who was carefully weaving through the pile to find the best piece of prey.

Frostpaw let out a soft purr at the sight. "Echokit, you know it's not very polite to dig through the pile."

Echokit whisked her tail in protest. "It's not for me to eat! I wanted to help you. Since I saw you sleeping, I thought I'd bring Ivypaw her dinner instead! I'd never met a WaterClan cat before, anyway!" Her eyes lit up. "Aha! Here we go!" Grabbing the plumpest mouse by its tail, she bounded towards the medicine den.

"Aww, that's so sweet," Frostpaw purred, hearing Echokit's words of helping her before processing the kit's next words about meeting Ivypaw. "Wait. Oh no."

Frostpaw snapped to her senses, sprinting after Echokit, trying to save the MoonClan kit from Ivypaw's rage.

But when she got there, instead of hearing Ivypaw's angry snarls, Echokit's purrs and squeals of joy echoed throughout the cave. Frostpaw poked her head inside, confusion burrowing through her.

The scene that greeted her was Ivypaw playing with Echokit. The WaterClan apprentice was letting Echokit pounce on her tail, pretending it was a mouse, dodging it out of the kit's way at the last

moment.

Frostpaw let out a soft hum, watching them. She'd only ever seen Ivypaw with a snarl on her face, never a smile. It was nice, and she didn't want to disturb their fun.

But Ivypaw quickly sensed the eyes on her, head snapping up, eyes connecting with Frostpaw, the smile vanishing instantly. "What do you want, *kittypet*?"

Frostpaw held back a roll of her eyes.

"Oh, just to check up on you, make sure everything's okay. After all, Swiftstar did assign me to watch over you." Frostpaw was truly amazed at how quickly Ivypaw's attitude could change.

Ivypaw rolled her eyes. "Alright, then. *Thank you*."

The thank you wasn't genuine, that much any cat could tell. But Frostpaw still felt shocked that the black she-cat would ever utter those words to her.

"Come on, Echokit, let's go get something to eat," Frostpaw called, beckoning to the little kit.

Echokit nodded eagerly, before turning quickly to Ivypaw. "Can I come play with you again sometime?"

Ivypaw purred. "Sure, come visit me whenever you want." The same words couldn't be said towards the white she-cat, for right after Ivypaw gave Frostpaw a very stern *'get out of my sight'* look.

Frostpaw scoffed, beckoning to Echokit once more, ducking out of the den.

"Ivypaw's so nice!" Echokit squealed as she skipped to the fresh-kill pile. "I wish she could stay in our Clan forever!"

Frostpaw purred, the thought of Ivypaw's disgusted look should Echokit's words ever become a reality fueling her. "I'm sure she'd like that very much, perhaps you could propose the idea to her."

Echokit gave a firm nod of determination while Frostpaw ducked her head to hide her rising laughter.

Lifting it, the white she-cat watched as Echokit bounded to the prey pile, a more gentle, genuine smile spreading across her face.

It was good to see Ivypaw's soft side.

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"Every cat! Wake up!"

It was Robinclaw's yowl that brought Frostpaw out of her deep sleep, making her groan in frustration before climbing tiredly to her paws. She'd finally gotten sleep without dreams, but of course, every night must be disturbed.

What was it this time? WaterClan?

Frostpaw parted her jaws, sniffing the air. No fresh scent of fish.

She glanced sleepily at Skypaw, the gray tabby just blinking her eyes open.

The sisters' relationship was... slightly better. After Skypaw saved Frostpaw from Ivypaw all those moons ago, the taunting and ridicule had somewhat stopped, but with it came complete ghosting. Skypaw rarely spoke to Frostpaw, acting as though the white she-cat didn't exist.

And indeed, as the gray tabby climbed to her paws, she didn't even look at Frostpaw before clambering out of the den.

"What's going on?" Eagleheart's voice, husked with sleep, traveled to Frostpaw as she poked her head out. "WaterClan attack?"

"No." Robinclaw seemed to be the only cat wide awake, lashing his tail triumphantly as his sleepy Clanmates gathered around him. "There's an important announcement I think you should all hear."

From across the camp, Frostpaw saw Swiftstar's eyes narrowing with confusion. If there was an important announcement, clearly
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she wasn't consulted.

"Couldn't it have waited until morning?" Sagepelt complained with a yawn.

"No, it can't." Rockfur's voice boomed out as the deputy stalked to the top of the Highledge. "If we wait until tomorrow, we will have already wasted a day. I have some news to share with you all."

Swiftstar narrowed her eyes but didn't stop him.

"As you all know, there have been conflicts within this Clan on how we go about this war," Rockfur meowed. "Some cats believe that it's good to attack, while others think that we should wait it out."

Swiftstar lashed her tail. "It's not that we should wait it out, it's a strategy-"

"Those two will never get along," Rockfur interrupted. "One side wants to go, end this war as quickly as possible, while the other side decides to be cautious and lets WaterClan attack them again and again until they fall.

"Right now, the cats who want to finish the war are itching to attack. It's not fair to tell them to wait and make them watch as their Clan is destroyed, ordered not to fight back because of some *strategy*." Rockfur twitched his pelt. "End of the day, a Clan cannot continue to function like this. There is only one solution:

"We must split into two."

Yowls of surprise and protest echoed throughout the camp, but Rockfur raised his voice, speaking over it all.

"I will lead one half of the Clan, the half that wishes to attack WaterClan. The rest of you may stick with Swiftstar."

"Now just wait a minute," Feathermist hissed angrily. "We've always been *one* Clan! Not to mention, you don't have the power to do this without Swiftstar's approval! She's the leader!"

"It doesn't come down to who's the leader anymore, Feathermist,"

Rockfur spat. "We're at *war*! We must do all we can to win! We must do the right thing, even if it means defying our leader."

"Rockfur," Swiftstar spoke, her voice holding a warning tone, but the deputy wasn't listening.

"Every cat who wishes to take some action, join me!" Rockfur yowled. "We will attack at dawn."

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Word Count: 1097

[Edited]

Hello!! Thoughts on this chapter? I know the second half is more eventful than the first, but I very much enjoyed writing the scene in the first part! I love writing Ivypaw so much, I honestly don't know why, haha.

Have a fantastic day/night :)
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chapter 36

"Now, wait!" Swiftstar snapped, interrupting all the chaos, lashing her tail. "How is this going to work out? Where will your cats sleep, Rockfur? What about mentors and apprentices, should they be on different sides?"

Rockfur grinned at her lazily. "I have it all figured out, don't worry. We'll stay in camp, and everything will function normally. The only thing that's changing is the attacks and strategy, that's it."

Seeing Swiftstar's wrinkled face, he added, "You have no right to kick us out. We're still MoonClan cats, even if we're not under your control."

Swiftstar opened her jaws to protest, but it was too late. Cats were already gathering in groups, yowling and hissing at one another, Rockfur watching the entire thing with a smile.

Frostpaw felt her heart pounding wildly as she glanced around at her friends and family. Where was she to go?

Feathermist huffed angrily before stalking over to the side opposite of Rockfur, showing her allegiance with Swiftstar. Whitefang followed, as did Skypaw, and Frostpaw began to make her way over. It seemed that most of her friends were joining Swiftstar's side, anyway.

From the corner of her eye, she spotted a gray pelt padding over towards Robinclaw and Rockfur.

Frostpaw spun around, jaw dropping open. "*Fernleap?*"

Her friend turned. "Oh, hi, Frostpaw."

"What're you *doing*?" Frostpaw skipped towards her. "Didn't you say that you think Rockfur's the traitor?"

Fernleap frowned, backing away. "He's my *dad*, Frostpaw! I have to

join him, just like you're joining Swiftstar's side because your family is!"

"That's not true!" Frostpaw retorted with a scowl.

"Oh, really?" Fernleap flicked her tail. "Tell me, then, do you agree with Swiftstar's plan? Do you think we should suffer through any attack WaterClan feels like giving us, rebuilding our camp time and time again while theirs goes unscathed?"

Frostpaw paused. Her friend had a point.

Fernleap lowered her voice, creeping forward so only Frostpaw could hear her. "He suspects me, I think. Can't talk more about this now, we'll speak later. But the point is, I think joining his side can give me a good spying opportunity."

Frostpaw nodded. "So this is all an act?"

"Mhm." And with that, Fernleap backed away once more, shooting Frostpaw a fake-angry look before joining her father's side, padding to sit next to Heatherstorm.

Jayfrost and Blackfang's eyes almost popped out of their heads when they saw their sisters on the other side.

"What's Fernleap doing?" Blackfang stalked towards Frostpaw instantly.

"And Heatherstorm!" Jayfrost added with a lash of his tail.

"I don't know, maybe you should ask them," Frostpaw mewed, playing dumb. "You both of family over there, after all."

"Yeah, but Fernleap and Heatherstorm always spoke good about Swiftstar," Jayfrost mewed, sounding so confused. "I just don't get it."

Frostpaw shrugged. She couldn't expose Fernleap's reason, but Heatherstorm's was probably the fact that her dad was Rockfur's biggest supporter. Heatherstorm was kind and gentle, but with that, didn't wish to confront her dad and face his wrath.

Padding away, Frostpaw's mind wandered to Fernleap's words. Even though they were just an act, they were *true*. If she wasn't related to Swiftstar, or her family weren't such big supporters, perhaps she would've drifted to Rockfur's side. He did have a point, after all.

And at the end of that night, Frostpaw learned two things.

One, everything she knew was going to change.

And two, connections during a war were truly important.

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"What happened out there last night?"

That might be the first time Ivypaw struck a civil conversation with Frostpaw willingly. But of course, she held a scowl on her face.

"Oh, nothing you need to worry about," Frostpaw assured, not really in the mood to tell an enemy that their Clan had practically split into two.

Ivypaw flicked her tail. "Well, how long until I can leave?"

"No idea," the white she-cat replied simply, feeling worry bury through her. "Not a medicine cat."

Her mind was drifting away from this conversation and onto Fernleap. Rockfur had organized an attack for this dawn, and with it took all his supporters. They were still there, fighting it out, most likely losing.

They only had half a Clan against WaterClan's entire Clan, not to mention WaterClan could call for LightClan anytime they needed. As far as Frostpaw knew, Rockfur hadn't contacted Leafstar yet, for she was also part of the creation for Swiftstar's waiting plan, so they couldn't count on help from GrassClan.

"Frostpaw?" Ivypaw frowned, noticing the white she-cat's blank face. "You okay?"

"Hmm? Yeah." Frostpaw snapped from her thoughts, but was
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quickly pulled into another wave of shock, a smile spreading on her face. "You know, I think we need to celebrate this moment."

Ivypaw's nose wrinkled instantly. "Why?"

"Because that was the first time you called me by my name instead of kittypet!" Frostpaw chirped. She was mocking Ivypaw, of course, watching as the black she-cat's pelt bristled in realization. "I was starting to think you didn't know my name at all!"

Ivypaw scoffed. "Well don't get used to it, kittypet. Now give me my food and go."

And she's back.

But the persistent smile wouldn't wipe off of Frostpaw's face, dropping the vole and skipping out of the den. As small as that may be, it did bring some joy into the white she-cat's life.

But as quickly as that smile came, it disappeared at the scene in the clearing. Rockfur, Swiftstar, and Leafstar were standing at the top of the Highledge.

Leafstar's fur was bristled with fury, spitting something angrily at the MoonClan cats. Swiftstar's blue gaze was worried, trying to calm down the GrassClan leader whilst Rockfur watched the entire scene idly. His pelt was matted, but otherwise looked unharmed.

The same couldn't be said for his patrol. Each and every cat was covered in deep wounds, blood covering their pelt and still dripping to the ground. Some cats were wobbling, unable to stand up by themselves.

Frostpaw bounded over. "What's going on? Are you guys okay?"

Fernleap looked at her friend with troubled eyes. "Our attack failed. WaterClan overpowered us instantly, in fact, they were ready and waiting. I'm guessing a cat told them of our plans." The gray she-cat glanced at her father.

"And," Fernleap sighed, grief shadowing her eyes, "we lost Foxfur. Barely made it out in time."

Frostpaw's eyes widened. "Oh no..."

At that moment, Redberry came out, ushering all the injured cats into the medicine den. As they filed away, Leafstar's angry voice traveled to Frostpaw's ears, speaking low and cold.

"Figure out a way to control your deputy, Swiftstar. Otherwise we're going to lose the war."

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Word Count: 1063

[Edited]

One more chapter to go 'til this book's finished! Ahh, I'm so excited!! As always, let me know your thoughts on this chapter and if you would like to, please vote!

Have a wonderful day/night :)
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chapter 37

The next few days that followed passed in a worried blur. Foxfur's vigil and burial was organized, the Clan coming together as one to honor the young warrior. Frostpaw had half-expected Rockfur to give a speech about how he was going to come back under Swiftstar's lead, considering his plan had lost them a life, but he didn't.

Frostpaw trained. And trained. And trained. And all that training passed with her thinking about anything other than the work she was meant to be doing. She was worried about Fernleap.

How long was her friend going to keep this act up? What if she's the next to get killed in one of Rockfur's plans?

Fernleap's wounds were healing nicely, alongside Rockfur's other cats, but that didn't prevent Frostpaw from fussing over and checking on her, making sure that she was okay.

It seemed like a routine. Wake up, give Ivypaw something to eat, train, check on Fernleap, and sleep. She was working to be strong when Swiftstar's plan would be launched, but it seemed that day would never come.

Until it did.

Swiftstar called an unexpected Clan meeting that morning, in which Frostpaw simply assumed she was going to lecture the Clan (mainly Rockfur's cats) about splitting into two (she'd been giving those talks a lot lately, but Rockfur didn't budge). But instead, she announced the plan she and Leafstar had conjured was finally going to launch.

"I'm going to give you different patrols, with different attack times, paired up with a GrassClan patrol," Swiftstar mewed. "For example, if you're on the first patrol, which is the dawn one, you'd meet up with the GrassClan patrol right before then, and attack WaterClan's

Clan together.

"Try your best to just create chaos and wreck their camp rather than get into fights, we don't want too many serious injuries. When morning comes, you can retreat, and the morning attack patrol will enter. We'll keep going until we get to the sun-high patrol, and afterwards, the dawn patrol will rotate back in again, there should be enough break time between each attack. Make sense?"

Frostpaw nodded, taking in Swiftstar's words. Her plan gave each attack patrol plenty of down-time, in which if they kept rotating, WaterClan would have to keep going for the entire day while they're attacked by different, fresh patrols. Eventually they *had* to wear out.

Right?

"Now, if any of Rockfur's group would like to join and assist us in this attack, the past will be overlooked and their help would be much appreciated."

Rockfur's cats, who were sitting with him on the other side of camp, shot him some questioning looks. The deputy flicked his tail, shaking his head, dismissing their questions.

"Very well," Swiftstar meowed, looking disappointed. "That's fine, but *do not* get in the way of our attack and victory. Now, I'll distribute your patrols, listen up."

Frostpaw pricked her ears, catching her name in the morning patrol. The only other cat in the patrol that was part of her friend group was Skypaw.

The white she-cat glanced at her sister, who, as if could feel her gaze, whipped around and gave Frostpaw an icy glare.

Well. Should be fun.

As soon as Swiftstar dismissed the meeting, Fernleap approached the white she-cat, green eyes worried.

"Frostpaw, listen," she whispered, "Rockfur's probably going to tell

Troutstar about Swiftstar's plan. Be careful tomorrow."

The white she-cat nodded. "Always will."

Fernleap's ears twitched in acknowledgement before shuffling her paws. "I... I haven't been able to gather any solid evidence against Rockfur yet," she mewed, voice low, "but I think I have a plan. Can't tell you it, but if any cat asks about anything around this subject, just act dumb, pretend you don't know anything. If I get caught, I'll be in a lot of trouble, and I don't want to drag you down with me."

Frostpaw blinked at her friend. There was a time when she was certain they'd tell each other everything. But times had changed.

It was funny thinking back to when she was a kittypet, believing that the wild life was carefree fun. Sleeping in the sun, playing in the forest, eating fresh-kill. Oh, how foolish she was back then. But she still wouldn't trade this life for anything.

It was funny thinking back to when the war had first begun. Yes, she was nervous, but the plan seemed simple: listen to your leader, fight, do your best to survive, help your Clanmates, and try to win. Why did everything have to get so much more complicated?

Frostpaw gave her friend a soft smile. "Okay, be careful."

Fernleap flicked Frostpaw's ears, quoting the white she-cat's words. "Always will."

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This day might've been the only one where Frostpaw willingly got up by dawn. Worry bundled tightly in her stomach; the dawn attack patrol had already left, and she could only pray to StarClan that everything was going to plan.

The white she-cat scrambled down the tree, heading for the fresh-kill pile. It was time to give Ivypaw something to eat.

Frostpaw couldn't help but feel anxiety as she padded towards the medicine den. They were attacking Ivypaw's camp that day, after all. What was she meant to say?
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"Good morning! I hope you slept well last night! Oh, by the way, we're attacking your camp today!! Your family and friends may be seriously injured. Here's a vole, have a good meal!"

It was probably best not to mention it at all, but it just didn't feel right to keep Ivypaw in the dark. Though the two apprentices were far from friends, Ivypaw's company wasn't as bad as Frostpaw had predicted.

As the white she-cat neared the medicine den, Fernleap ducked out from it.

"Oh, hi!" Frostpaw chirped. She could use a distraction. "How's everything going? Did Redberry just give you a check-up on the wounds?"

Fernleap hesitated, looking like a deer caught in headlights. She twitched her pelt nervously before mewing, "*Yup.*"

It was a lie. A complete lie. Frostpaw knew Fernleap personally enough to know that.

She may have let her curiosity get the better of her in the past, but she kept it in check today. Because sometimes it was better to just not know. Sometimes it was better to just be kept in the dark.

Frostpaw ducked in the den, deciding that's what she'd do with Ivypaw. The black she-cat didn't need to be stressed over the attack, she needed to rest to heal her leg. "Good morning!"

But instead of the grumpy, "Shut up," she normally got from the WaterClan apprentice, all Frostpaw found was Ivypaw's empty nest.

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Word Count: 1067

[Edited]

Whoo!! So close, almost done with this book! Just the epilogue left! Not my favorite, honestly I didn't know what to write for this chapter LOL. But it's finished!! Thoughts?
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Have an amazing day/night :)

epilogue

Fernleap padded away from Frostpaw, feeling a tingle of guilt run through her. She wanted to tell her friend everything, but she couldn't. She'd only get Frostpaw in trouble.

She'd seen Rockfur's suspicious looks. She'd recognized the careful way he spoke to her. Her father knows that she knew.

Throughout the past few moons, Fernleap had struggled to accept the fact that Rockfur was the spy. That he'd betrayed their Clan, their family. He had put his kits and mate in danger by giving WaterClan all this secret information, setting MoonClan up for failure.

But finally, the gray warrior had come around to accept it. Rockfur may stand with his WaterClan kin, but Fernleap was going to remain loyal to her Clan. Even if it meant hurting her father.

She didn't want to. She really didn't want to. All she needed was solid evidence that Rockfur was the spy, present it to Swiftstar, and then her father would be exiled. Simple.

So, Fernleap had gone and spoken to Ivypaw. The two had been... friends, per say, when they were kits. When WaterClan and MoonClan's relationship hadn't been so tense. Rockfur would take Fernleap and Blackfang to the border to visit his kin, and sometimes they'd play with the WaterClan kits.

Though they hate each other now, Fernleap had managed to strike a deal with Ivypaw. If the black she-cat told Fernleap what she knew about the spy, Fernleap would help Ivypaw escape and look the other way when she did.

To her, it seemed like a win. Solid proof that Rockfur was the spy and getting rid of Ivypaw who's using up their resources. Pretty good, right?

The fact that Ivypaw may spill MoonClan's secrets to Troutstar didn't even occur to Fernleap for two reasons.

One, the medicine den was very carved in, meaning that if you were inside, it was hard to hear the things happening outside, and vice versa. The chances of Ivypaw overhearing their attack plan was very low.

Two, even if Ivypaw did manage to hear something, the spy's probably already told Troutstar.

Fernleap should've known something was up when Ivypaw agreed to the deal so quickly.

Turns out, Ivypaw knew nothing. She'd been sent to MoonClan's land by Troutstar the day she got hurt to collect information from the spy.

Every cat in WaterClan knew there was a spy, but only Troutstar knew who. Ivypaw was meant to meet the spy in a clearing, and the spy was supposed to pass on information, hidden in the bushes, but the WaterClan apprentice had gotten injured along the way.

So, essentially, the deal ended up being more of a win for Ivypaw.

That left Fernleap with another dead end.

Well, not quite.

She had one more plan, but it was more... risky. But it seemed like the only option left.

Keep in mind, Fernleap thought of herself to be a pretty level-minded and reasonable cat. She wasn't one to make rash decisions, always thinking them out thoroughly before acting on them.

Well, that was, except for when she got really mad. When her eyes see nothing but red and her vision clouds up with fury.

That's never happened before. For StarClan's sake, Fernleap didn't even *know* it could happen. And she really, really didn't want to hurt Rockfur, but in that moment of weakness...

Fernleap had been tailing her father. It seemed to be the only plan, to witness Rockfur giving information to a WaterClan cat. Be a witness.

The tailing had been easy. With all the cats distracted by Swiftstar's attack plan, no cat noticed Rockfur creeping out of the camp, or Fernleap's presence following him.

It was honestly frightening how good Fernleap was at tailing a cat. Her leaps were gentle and light, not making too much sound. She blended into the shadows at the perfect moment, and her decision of timing for when to hide and when to move had been swift and easy.

She was scary herself.

Everything went smoothly, until Rockfur reached WaterClan's border and Troutstar appeared. Then it got a bit harder.

And by that, Fernleap meant it got a bit harder to control her emotions.

"Everything's going to plan," Troutstar chuckled, "those puny MoonClan and GrassClan cats are being destroyed as we speak."

Rockfur chuckled, twitching his ears. "Moons of planning, and the best Swiftstar could come up with is this? Oh, for StarClan's sake, it sounded like it was made up by a kit!"

"Be honest, it's not too bad," Troutstar mused. "Unfortunately for her I have a spy on the inside."

Rockfur rolled his eyes. "I thought you agreed to stop saying that."

"Well, it's true, isn't it?" Troutstar teased. "It'll all be over soon, Rockfur, and we'll finally have the perfect future."

"'*Oh look, if it isn't the two leaders of WaterClan'*," Rockfur mewed. It seemed like he was quoting something, but it was unfamiliar to Fernleap. "'*I'm eager to see how that'll work out.*'"

Troutstar heaved out a sigh. "Stupid, stupid Beechfur. He had such

courage as an apprentice, now he stammers and dips his head way too much when speaking to me."

Rockfur snorted. "I wish I was still in WaterClan just to see that, to get revenge on those apprentices."

"Don't worry, you'll have your fun once you become MoonClan's leader."

Fernleap stifled a gasp, claws digging into the branch, leading forward to listen more clearly.

"We've been planning this since we were apprentices, Rockfur," Troutstar sighed, "all the glory we could have. Every step we've carefully made has led up to today."

"Becoming a MoonClan cat as a young warrior, mating with Cottonfur, using her as the excuse for switching Clans," Rockfur listed off. "Oh, but we're missing one part of the plan: Dad was supposed to choose *me* as his deputy!"

There seemed to be some history Fernleap missed, but she took in the entire thing, barely breathing.

Troutstar rolled his eyes. "Still hung up on that?"

"Yeah! I can't believe Sunstar chose Swiftstar as deputy instead of me back then! I'm his son!" Rockfur lashed his tail angrily. "Oh, things would've been finished so much quicker if he'd just done that."

"It was the perfect plan, made complete sense," Troutstar agreed. "It's just that stupid brother of ours talked Dad into doing something different."

"We were the best out of our littermates, weren't we?" Rockfur mused. "One is... Well, we don't speak of him, and Redpelt's off... doing what again?"

""Enjoying life", as he calls it." Troutstar snorted. "But don't worry, it'll be finished soon. MoonClan won't last very long. As soon as Swiftstar shows herself, I'll take care of her personally."

"Good," Rockfur mewed. "I don't know how many lives she has left, she won't tell me, but-"

"No problem, I'll kill her as many times as I need to," Troutstar assured. "Say your goodbyes to Swiftstar, and say hello to Rockstar."

Rockfur smiled. "I like the sound of that."

That's when Fernleap's vision blurred red.

As soon as the two bid their goodbyes and turned to retreat back to their respective camps, Fernleap waited patiently until Troutstar was out of sight.

Then, she jumped.

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Word Count: 1146

[Edited]

Last chapter of Back to Home!! I had so much fun writing this one! Definitely enjoyed telling the story from Fernleap's point of view! As always, let me know your thoughts, and voting would be a great help!

Have a lovely day/night :))

double smile for the last chapter!!
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Raging War

I know you may see this from almost every author, but thank you. Truly, each and every one of you, thank you so, so much for clicking on this book and giving it a chance. It means so much to me that someone would take time out of their day to read something I wrote!

Thank you for all your kind comments, votes, constructive criticism - all of it.

I've already stated this before, but on this site, this has been the second time I've completely re-written the book, and I definitely wouldn't have the motivation to do so if it wasn't for you guys. I probably would've just taken it down or something, but I'm glad to put effort into this and turn it into something I'm proud of! And I have you all to thank for that, especially the constructive criticism comments! Always loved those.

With all that, I really, really hope you enjoyed this book! I've definitely loved writing it for you!

And speaking of that, Shooting Stars does have a sequel! Frostpaw's story is nowhere finished yet!

The second book of the Shooting Stars series, Raging War, is now published and can be accessed through my profile! If you'd like, it would be amazing if you went to go take a look! Updates are slow, but they'll come!

You guys are awesome, I love you, and I'll (hopefully) see you in Raging War! Thank you again!! 💕

- Icestorm